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NATIONAL REVIEW

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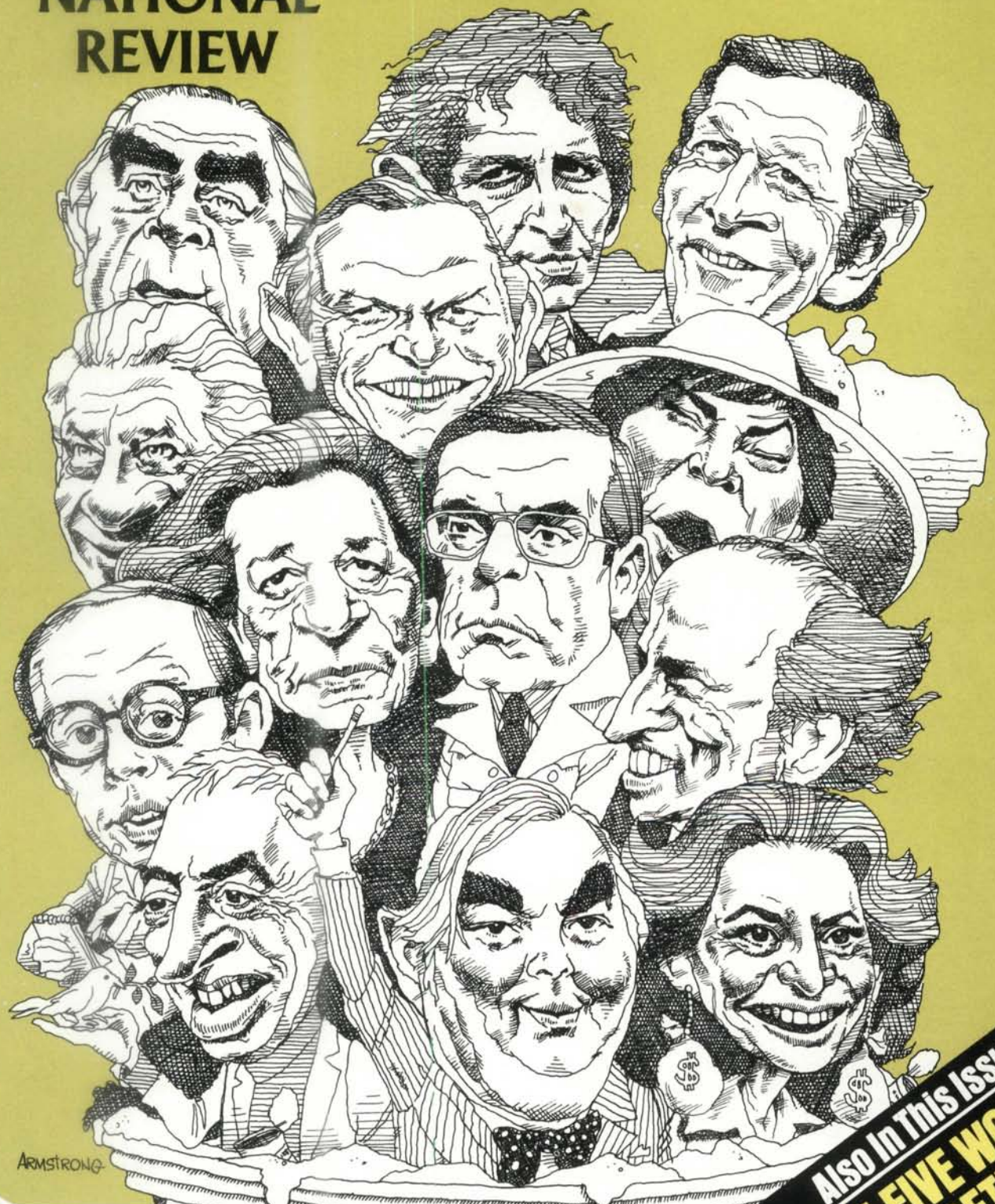

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THE FIVE WORLDS OF DETENTE

Norman B. Hannah

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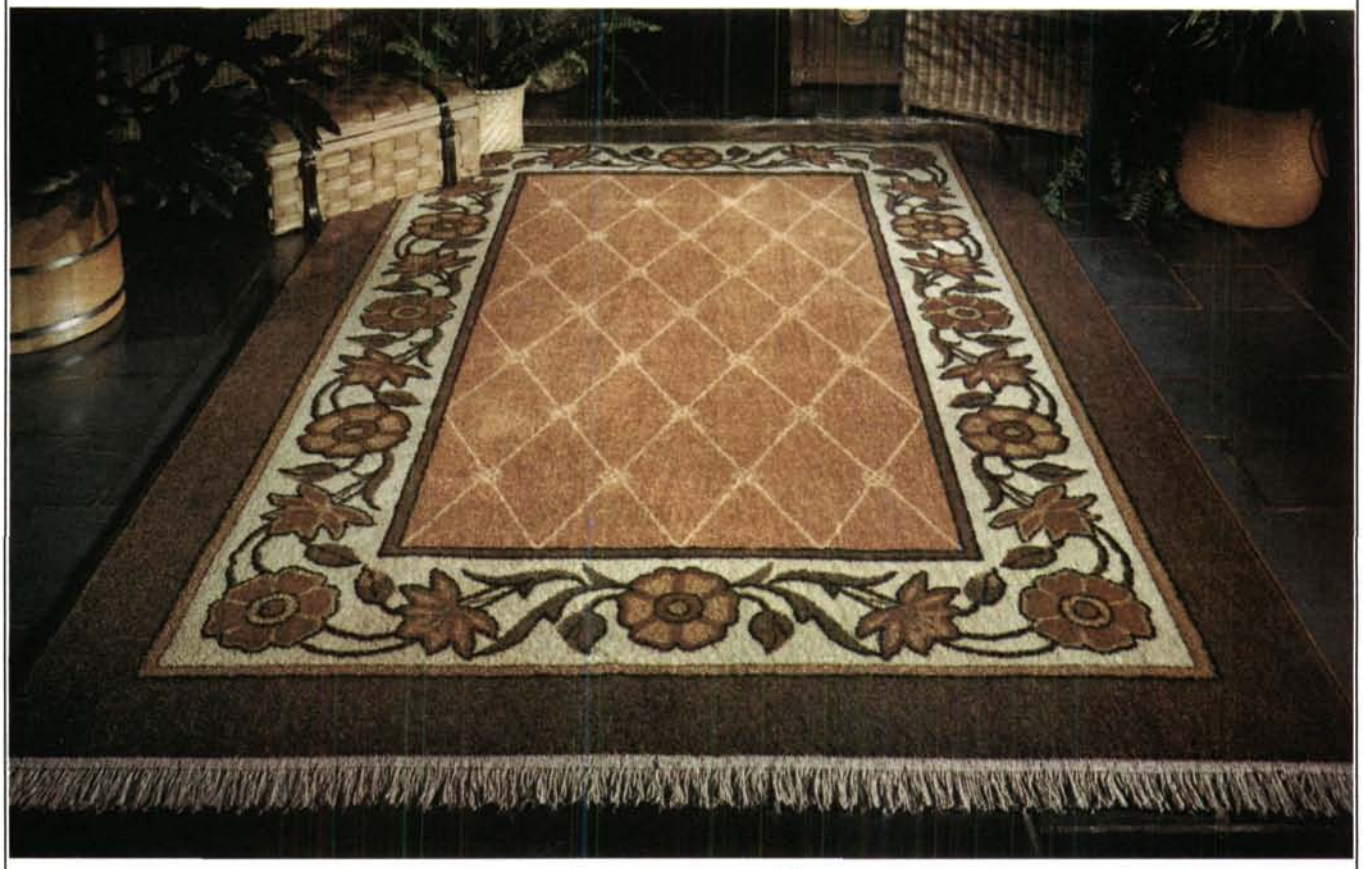

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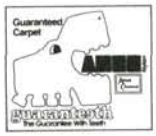

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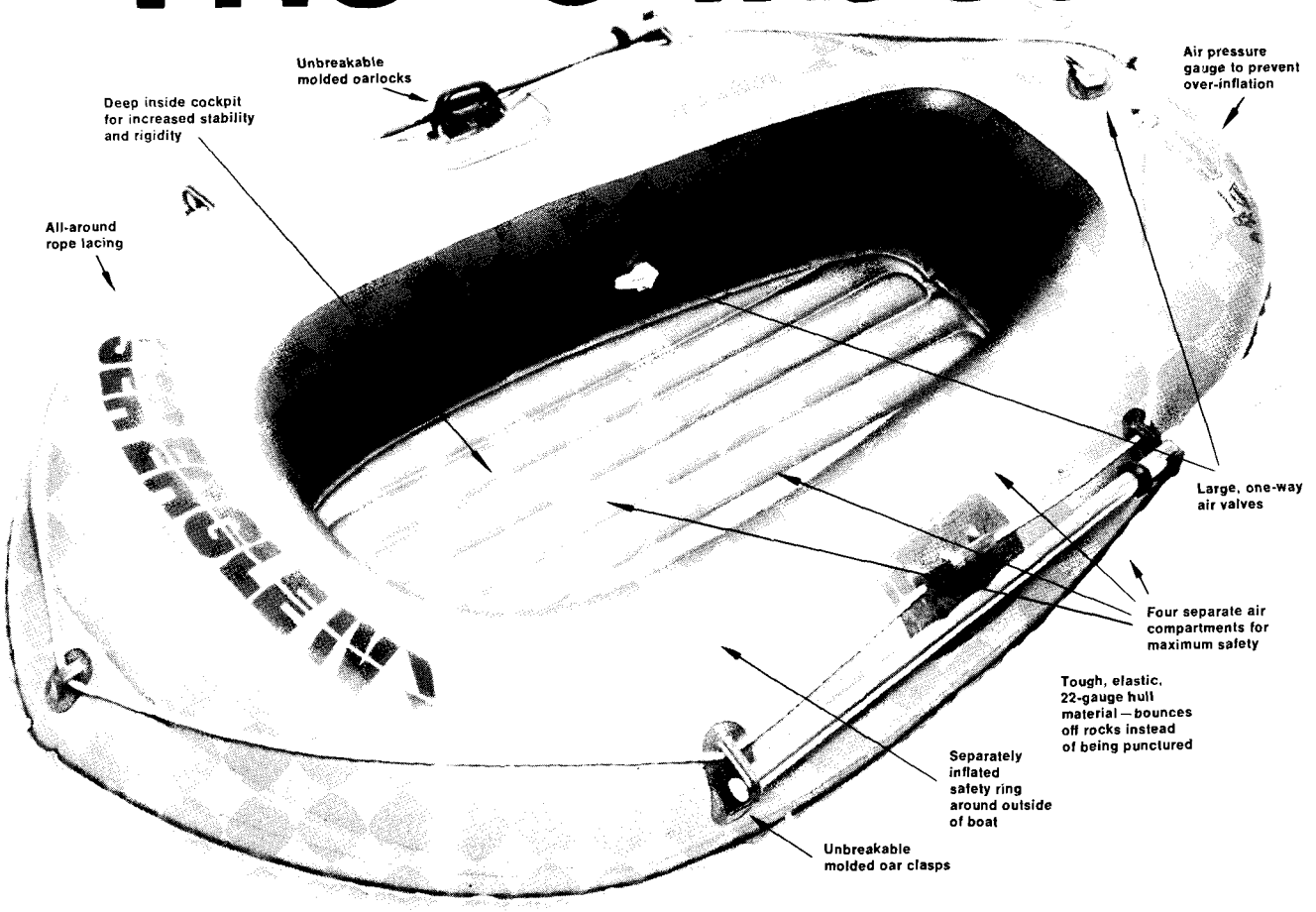
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NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except for two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc., 1977.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: *$34.00 a year ($19.00 for the 48-page issues, and $15.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.*

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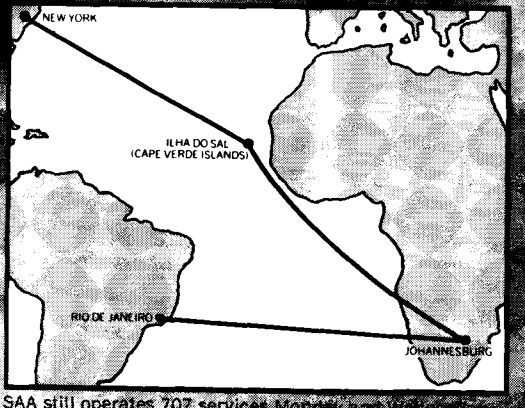

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Letters

Women Beware

Ernest van den Haag, in his masterly essay "Reverse Discrimination: A Brief against It" [April 29], gives several reasons why women and minorities ought to be wary of reverse discrimination: principally that if they are accepted by a university or hired though they are not qualified, they will only wind up hurting themselves and the image of their group; whereas even if they are qualified, there will always be the suspicion, in other people's minds if not in their own, that they only graduated/got the job because of color or sex. However, Mr. van den Haag's own exposition of the history of discrimination suggests yet another danger in reverse discrimination: the precedent that may result.

In recent years, although discrimination against women and minorities still occurred, it had to be done surreptitiously. The law required that companies and universities at least claim they were guided only by merit in making their selections. But now these organizations are being told that it is quite all right—in fact their duty—to discriminate, provided that the favored group is one the government chooses. We are back to the point where what matters is not the merit of the individual but a social goal—except that now, this policy has been elevated from a tacit gentlemen's agreement into a moral principle.

The social goal at the moment is the hiring of larger numbers of minorities and women. However, suppose that at some future date the Zeitgeist shifts, and the government decrees that employing white males is better social policy after all. If the precedent has been established that the social goal is more important than the merit principle, the effect could well be to leave the currently favored groups worse off than before they were "helped" by affirmative action.

New York, N.Y. ALEXANDRA VAIL

Feet to the Fire

I found Drake and Petersen's article "President Carter and the Honeymooners" [April 15] very intriguing, to say the least. As a 25-year-old councilperson in a town of 15,000, I can appreciate the pressures of an over-demanding constituency. Nevertheless, the formula that elected officials must apply to government spending is equivalent to the formula they ought to apply to their personal spending—don't spend more than you earn. (Of course, if congressmen do spend more than they earn they can just raise their salaries.)

Breaking down the figures in a way that demonstrates who the big spenders are and where they come from is very useful. I hope NATIONAL REVIEW will further develop and continue to supply this information. Providing it to the appropriate constituents might also prove of value.

Murrysville, Pa. WALT DOLLMAN

It is possible that our big-spending congressmen will mend some of their profligate ways if their feet are held to the fire of public opinion frequently, regularly, and lengthily.

A good acronym for your index might be something like POOR, for "Plenty of Overspending Representatives."

I hope that this letter encourages you to expand and continue the index.

Columbia, S.C. LEO L. FOX

Democracy Deliquescent

There is only one word for Mrs. Luce's article ["Is the Republican Party Dead?" March 18]: cogent.

Sound as Messrs. Hart and van den Haag always are, their ripostes did not—certainly for me—refute Ambassador Luce.

Alexander Fraser Tytler, eighteenth century professor and judge, encapsulated Mrs. Luce's thesis as follows: "A democracy cannot exist as a permanent form of government. It can only exist until the voters discover they can vote themselves largesse out of the public treasury. From that moment on, the majority always votes for the candidate promising the most benefits from the public treasury with the result that Democracy always collapses over a loose fiscal policy and always to be followed by a Dictatorship."

I wonder if the article's title should not have been: "Is the United States, as It Was Conceived, Dead?"

Washington, D.C. ELLIOTT B. STRAUSS

Mrs. Luce perceives an ineluctable trend of the Western democracies to degenerate into totalitarianism. She takes the *fact* of the leftward movement in the democracies, combines that with her projected trend, and, what do you know, the inevitable is the inevitable. On the other hand, Ernest van den Haag seems to be over-optimistic about the prospects for conservative reform. Surely there would be an uproar if the Conservative Party in Great Britain, having won an election, attempted to turn the nationalized industries over to the private sector and drastically reduce government spending. Sooner would a heroin addict go cold turkey.

Then there is the problem of economic education. The lure of the short-term economic effects of government intervention in the free market is great, and often the inflationary effects of this intervention

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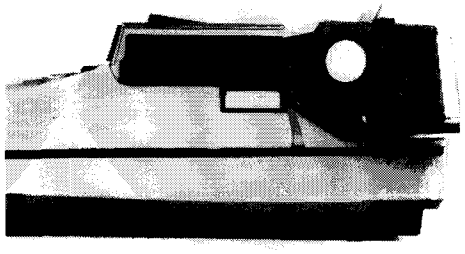

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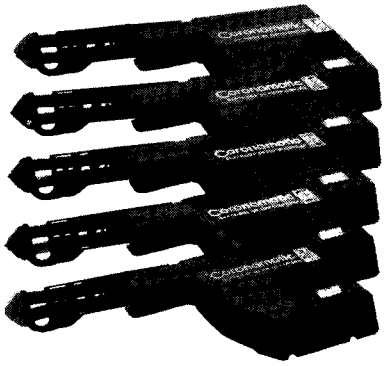

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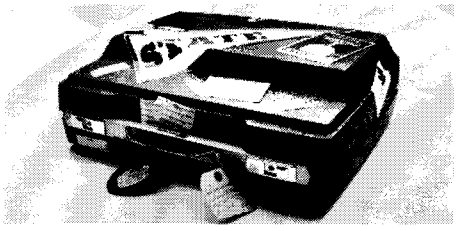

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are not noticed. Try to tell most people that government causes inflation and they'll ask, "Whaddaya mean, how can they do that?" That sort of thing.

It will take a monumental effort to reduce the size of government and its intrusion into every aspect of our lives. Great causes are not won easily. But to supplant Mrs. Luce's phrase, I would suggest that a trend is a trend is a trend, until that trend is reversed.

Seattle, Wash. GORDON HANSON

Clare Boothe Luce's pessimism concerning the Republican Party does, *pace* her two opponents, have considerable grounds for it. Republican principles arose from the Protestant ethic of the later Reformation, developed through the philosophers, political scientists, and pamphleteers of the English Civil War, and culminated with George Mason, John Adams, and Thomas Jefferson in the American Revolution (not to forget Alexander Hamilton), only to be killed when individualism died in the French Revolution—a short two hundred years. Now it is the age of collectivism.

Mrs. Luce's quotation from Plato is somewhat out of context; he also says in *The Republic* (VIII 558) that democracy is "an agreeable form of anarchy with plenty of variety, and an equality of a peculiar kind for equals and unequals alike . . ." Of course the democracy he is talking about (and he didn't like it) was that of Athens—a small city-state—and was restricted to male adult citizens. The democratic man, Plato believed, gives himself up to the pleasure of the moment, declaring that one appetite is as good as another and all must have their equal rights.

Our postwar age is as self-indulgently hedonistic as the one Plato deplores, and he goes on to say that democratic anarchy carried to extremes will result in a despotism. In his age this could only be a tyrant, but in our age the tyrant is no longer an individual, it is a collective—a totalitarian regime. The logic is inescapable, if we have gone too far down this slippery slope. Being an optimist, if somewhat skeptical, I still think we can step off the slope; but how, I cannot visualize.

Sarasota, Fla. W. S. JESSOP

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Dies Irae, Dies Illa

Re "For the Record" [April 15]: As every Latin scholar knows,

March, July, October, May
Make Nones the seventh, Ides the 15th day;

but in the other eight months of the year, the Nones falls on the fifth, the Ides on the 13th day. Therefore, April 15—the day on which we render unto Caesar what is due—is not the "Ides of April," but merely the 17th day before the Kalends (or first day) of May (reckoning backward from May 1 to April 15, and counting both the first and the last numbers in the series, as the Romans were wont to do).

St. Louis, Mo. S. WEEMS

Disputations

Having read Mr. John Bauerschmidt's letter [March 4], I can only conclude that he has not done his homework regarding the Orthodox position on the validity of Anglican Orders and sacraments. The problem is that both Mr. Martin and Mr. Bauerschmidt are discussing the issue in purely Western theological terms.

Constantinople did issue a declaration in 1922 which would seem to recognize the validity of Anglican Orders; however, the Russian Orthodox Church in Exile—followed by many other Orthodox Churches—declared in 1935 that Anglican clergy who became Orthodox must be re-ordained. It might appear that they have contradicted themselves. In fact, the problem is that most non-Orthodox read the favorable statements as constituting a recognition of Orders *at the present moment.* The question the Orthodox were actually trying to answer was: "Supposing the Anglican communion were to reach full agreement in faith with the Orthodox, would it *then* be necessary to re-ordain Anglican clergy?" For the Orthodox, canonical correctness is not sufficient to ensure valid Ordination. The bishop and the candidate must also be in possession of the fullness of the apostolic faith.

There is another factor which the Orthodox would consider indispensable in any discussion of Ordination but which Mr. Martin's otherwise impressive and very welcome article does not include. The priest, when acting *in persona Christi,* is the image, the iconic presentation, of Jesus. Any portrait of Jesus must obviously depict a male. Hence, the iconic presentation, the sacramental presence, of Christ in the Church can only be adequately realized by a male.

Honolulu, Hawaii JOHN C. BELT

The letter from Canon Olifiers in your March 4 issue could well mislead some readers. He refers to "a scholarly encyclical" issued by the Anglican hierarchy of England in 1898. He might have added that the Catholic hierarchy replied to this in the same year with their celebrated letter *A Vindication of the Bull Apostolicae Curae,* which makes it clear not only that

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It didn't start with Watergate

At the height of the Watergate hysteria, Alexander Solzhenitsyn spoke from the Soviet Union of the "dense hypocrisy characteristic of today's American political life," most notably "of the Senate leaders with their distorted view of the discordant Watergate affair. Without in any way defending Nixon or the Republican party, how can one not be amazed at the hypocritical, clamorous rage displayed by the Democrats?"

Victor Lasky asked himself the same question. A newsman of forty years' experience, he knew perfectly well that the Democrat closet was crammed with skeletons. So he opened the door.

What he found shocked even that old pro. All the dirt from four dirty Democrat regimes . . . from FDR and Truman through JFK and Lyndon. Scandals half forgotten (and carefully *not* recalled during Watergate); and other scandals suppressed until now.

Lasky never loses sight of the two overriding truths:

- These Democrat scandals would never have been ignored or suppressed, but for the buddy-buddy relationship of the Dems and their cronies in the media.
- Watergate would never have occasioned two years of media-fueled hysteria if the media had put Watergate in the context of 30 years of Democrat scandals (many of them far more serious).

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- New York newspaper prints the stolen medical records of a DA up for reelection—and righteously condemns the Ellsberg break-in.
- Dirty tricks for McGovern.
- FDR's son John on his father's bugging habits.
- Forgotten: the circumstances surrounding Teddy Kennedy's plane crash.
- The hypocrisy of Senator Weicker: it shocks even hardened colleagues.
- "The worst violation of civil liberties in American history"—dreamed up by two eminent liberals.
- High Kennedy official speculates: was JFK's murder "some kind of terrible retribution?"
- Democrat operator boasts of his dirty tricks—and gets hired by big-name Democrats.
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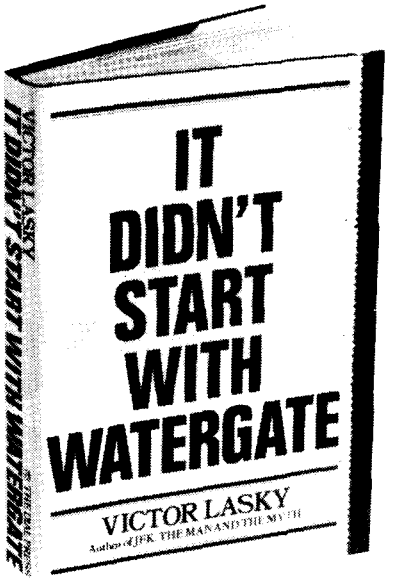
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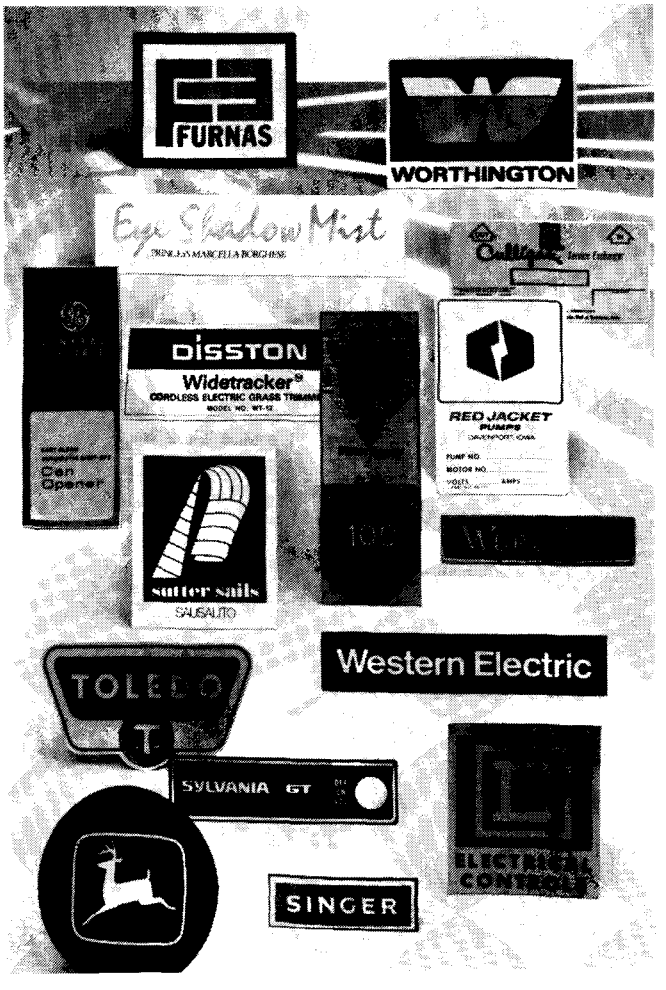

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Anglicans do not possess Orders in the Catholic sense of the word but that the very suggestion that they did would have horrified Cranmer and his associates, who insisted that a priest was simply a layman appointed to a certain function.

While I would agree with him that the traditional Catholic doctrine on the Mass is presented in somewhat muted tones by Vatican II (I have just written a book on this very topic to be published by Arlington House in the autumn), it is still there if one looks hard enough. Furthermore, the documents of Vatican II carry no more authority than a papal encyclical (both are acts of the ordinary Magisterium), and in Pope Paul's encyclical *Mysterium Fidei* and a number of other post-Conciliar pronouncements, the "medieval" doctrine rejected by Canon Olifiers is stated in terms which could not be more Tridentine.

London MICHAEL DAVIES

May I remind you that there are Christians who regard as blasphemous and, if I may borrow Malachi Martin's term, inane, his claim that "a priest uniquely and unfailingly has the power to offer Jesus' sacrifice: not symbolically and not by way of loving memorial, faithful reminiscence, or ritual re-enactment," but rather, as, "really and transhistorically, the one and the only and the same sacrifice Jesus made of Himself for all time on Calvary."

Protestant believers have through the years deemed the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to be more than mere memorial or ritual; but certainly not the same sacrifice that Christ made Himself, as if His one-time fulfillment of the eternal covenant were insufficient and could be duplicated by mortal men. (Hebrews 7:27; 9:25-28a.)

Mr. Martin's orthodoxy with respect to Roman Catholic doctrine is the counterpart, in part, of my own concerning Scripture.

San Bernardino, Calif. LLOYD BUCHANAN

Double Standard?

I agree with some of the basic economic principles applied in your editorial "Environmental Economics" [March 4], but I disagree with the last sentence. Why should you require a dollar's worth of environmental improvement for a dollar spent, when nothing else one buys today is of equal value? That is, one dollar now purchases 35 cents' worth of goods and probably less in services. Why should more be expected of environmental spending?

Oxon Hill, Md. LEONARD MALLAS

Celtic Wrath

It would behoove you to get as a correspondent someone who is familiar with the country he is writing about. I refer to Anthony Lejeune's having the presumption to write about Scotland from London ["Letter from London," March 18].

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Now, I am sure there are tartan weirdies, and I know there are Communists in Clydebank, but does your correspondent know that it is almost impossible to buy a piece of land in Scotland? You can buy an estate of 3,000 acres, but you have great difficulty in buying a lot to build a house. This is because of the law of entail, a peculiarly Scots institution that benefits the absentee English landlord. It probably passed unnoticed at the time, but a few years ago the breeder of the world's champion Aberdeen Angus bull was described in the press as a "tenant farmer." He was not a tenant farmer by choice, but because there was no way he could buy his farm.

The power behind the power in the land is some very rich and titled Englishmen who have no wish to have their shooting moors carved up into farms and country homes. They well know that commercially an independent Scotland will have almost no effect upon anything, but they also know that one of the first things that will be scrapped after devolution will be that ancient law of entail. Only then will a man be able to own the land his house stands on.

Hamilton, Ohio ALAN R. MOORE

I wish to draw your attention to a completely inaccurate and libelous attack on Plaid Cymru in Anthony Lejeune's March 18 "Letter from London." A sentence in the article states: "The Welsh Nationalists, calling themselves 'Plaid Cymru,' refused to fill in forms, defaced signposts which were written in English, and even planted one or two bombs."

This is a grotesque attack upon a political party which has always adhered to non-violence and peaceful democratic procedures. For your information, we have three Members in the Parliament in Westminster, 120 County and Borough Councilors, and a membership exceeding 35,000. We are now the third largest party in Wales, and I think even our political opponents would agree that we are a growing movement which is particularly fortunate in having the support of the younger generation.

We have always strongly opposed violence, and our conference provided for the expulsion of anyone who expressed support for the use of violence as a political instrument. We have never been involved in defacing signposts, much as we support the principle of bilingualism in Wales. We have always used political methods to arrive at this end. The incidents referred to were led by a separate organization, and Mr. Lejeune's statement is thus a very unfair attack on our movement.

Cardiff DAFYDD WILLIAMS
General Secretary
Plaid Cymru

A few comments on the letter by Hugo Cunningham [Dec. 10], which replied to an earlier letter of mine. The Act of Ireland—passed in the British Parliament in 1920 without one single Irish vote for or against it—severed three of the Ulster counties from Ulster so as to give the pro-Unionists a numerical majority in the remaining six counties (though still not a territorial majority: they have a majority in only two counties).

Furthermore, Mr. Cunningham's analogy between Canada and the Six Counties is irrelevant. England and France do not have an army of occupation in any part of the North American continent. England has an army of occupation in Ireland. English rule in Ireland does not rest on the will of the Irish people, and it never did; it exists in defiance of their will. Conquest gives no title. As long as one detested link of foreign rule remains in Ireland, there will be no peace.

I am convinced it would help both England and Ireland if the British army withdrew and gave the people of the North and South a chance to assimilate.

Teaneck, N.J. THOMAS S. O'FLAHERTY

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Ring out the Sixties: The radical group **Berkeley Citizens Action** got swamped in the Berkeley municipal elections last week. . . . Also repudiated at the polls, black activist **Mark Allen**, a columnist for the Communist *People's World*, running as an independent, despite a last-minute endorsement by Rep. **Ron Dellums** (D., Calif.), perhaps the most radical member of the congressional Black Caucus. . . . Allen had also been backed by **Tom Hayden** and **Jane Fonda**'s Campaign for Economic Democracy, which will, hereafter, be housed in the half-million-buck pad the Haydens are buying north of Santa Barbara. . . . Most encomiums for retiring West Coast Longshoremen's Union chief **Harry Bridges** mention not that he has repeatedly been identified as a Communist Party member, nor that he continues parroting the Party line—e.g., about the Soviet dissidents: "One thing I notice about the Russian dissidents or defectors—there's not a single working stiff among them. They all seem to me to have been treated pretty well by their own country in terms of education, good jobs, homes etc. [not to mention paid recreational stays in Gulag]." . . . **Angela Davis**, in a *Le Monde* interview, refused to answer most questions on the dissidents ("[If I did] you can bet I'd make page one of the *New York Times*") but did comment that **Solzhenitsyn**, besides being a "racist," was such a "reactionary that even **Gerald Ford** would have nothing to do with him." . . . On April 30, some lucky New Yorkers were able to catch the film *April in Vietnam in The Year of the Cat*, which was made by Cuban director **Santiago Alvarez** in celebration of the second anniversary of what the Maoist *Guardian* euphorically calls "the liberation of Saigon —the complete victory of the Vietnamese people over U.S. imperialists."

Taylor, *Punch* — Rothco

"Men!"

■ Not, all things considered, a particularly good fortnight for **Jimmy Carter**. *Pravda* unleashed its first personal attack on him for "demagogic promises" to black voters that he has failed to carry out. . . . The House refused to vote funds to carry out the presidential plan for pardoning **draft evaders** from the Vietnam War period. . . . The **AFL-CIO Executive Council** scheduled a meeting May 4 on Carter's energy plan and was expected to blast its proposed gasoline tax and its abandonment of the breeder reactor. . . . **Clinton, Massachusetts** had to postpone its annual town meeting—the one we all watched on TV was a mock town meeting—because not enough people showed up to make a quorum. . . . And **Miss Lillian** told *Good Morning America* that things were not getting done too expeditiously at the White House because there were "windbags" at some of the Cabinet meetings, one of whom, she said "must be **Andy Young**." . . . On the other hand, silverliningwise, Andy Young had, for a whole week, not delivered himself of any statement that had to be apologized for.

■ Pre-emptive strike: A **Tass** report warns Western nations against any confrontation over human rights at the Belgrade conference in June. The purpose of the conference is "to review implementation of the **Helsinki accords**." . . . Difference of opinion: Yugoslav dissident **Milovan Djilas** says the various dissident movements behind the Curtain are so strong that he doesn't believe the Eastern European regimes are in a position to crush them. . . . Soviet exile **Andrei Amalrik** disagrees somewhat. But he says that if "the legal movement for human rights" is crushed, we will see terrorist activity on a large scale in the Soviet Union in the next five years or so.

■ Right developments: Syndicated columnist **George F. Will**, former *NR* Washington editor, has won a Pulitzer Prize in the "Commentary" category. . . . Rep. **Philip Crane** (R., Ill.) has replaced **M. Stanton Evans** as chairman of the ACU. New ACU board members include Sens. **Jesse Helms**, **James McClure**, and **Jake Garn**, plus **Jeff Bell**, a former **Reagan** aide and ACU activist, and **Leroy Corey**, head of the Conservative Coalition of Iowa. . . . Conservatives on Hill much pleased by naming of **Charles Black**, former head of the National Conservative Action Committee, as political director of the Republican National Committee, thus ending a deep freeze on Reagan men there.

■ The new In night spot in Washington, **Pisces**, has a small shark swimming in its Aquarium. She is called Maxine, affectionately, after **Maxine Cheshire**, the superdooper society columnist of the *Washington Post*.

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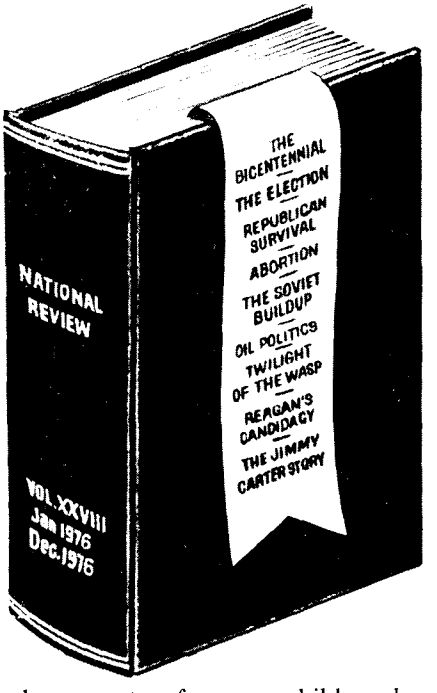

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THE WEEK

■ In the House of Representatives, a recess is called a "district work period." In the Senate, a recess is called a "nonlegislative period." Among the taxpayers, a congressional recess is called blessed.

■ CHILLING EFFECTS DEPT. Gerald Ford recently made some criticisms of the way the Carter Administration is handling the economy and arms talks—Spoke Out, as they say in Washington. Next thing you knew, Carter was privately accusing Ford of a breach of faith—Ford, he said, had assured him he'd follow the precedent of other Chief Executives in refraining, for a spell, from attacking his successor. Tip O'Neill chimed in: "I don't think it looks well in the eyes of the world for the President to be criticized by his predecessor." Fritz Mondale found it all "unseemly and unfair" and "out of keeping with the American political tradition." These are the avatars of candor and innovation who cheer when Andy Young yells "Fire!" in a crowded theater.

■ A small bombshell landed on the front page of the *New York Times* a couple of weeks ago. The paper disclosed that the Carter Administration had just learned that Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger, in their 1972 visit with Chou En-lai, had promised to "normalize" relations with China. The reverberations were immediate: although they denied it at the time, Nixon and Kissinger had indeed intended to ditch Taiwan and would have done so if Watergate had not taken center stage. But then came a reply from a source high in the Nixon Administration: the Carter people's translation of "normalize" is incorrect, malignly incorrect. This chapter of the China debate has not appeared on the front page, or any page, of the *Times*. Turn to page 572 of NATIONAL REVIEW for the full story.

■ In 1962-63, John F. Kennedy argued that a tax cut, not increased spending, was the answer to economic troubles. He tried it and it worked. For the last four years, Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) has introduced, with no success, a bill to institute a similar tax cut. This time, Republicans on the House Budget Committee unanimously accepted the Kemp proposal—which would permit a 22 per cent reduction in personal tax rates—as an alternative to Jimmy Carter's budget. Kemp argued that his plan would be more successful in stimulating the economy without requiring monetary manipulations by the Federal Reserve. But once again, his bill was defeated by 258 to 148 in the full House. However, as the March 5 issue of *Human Events* suggests in a front page article: "Due to Kemp and Co. the Republicans now have a real live issue so far as the Democrats are concerned: permanent tax cuts versus $50 rebates and increased federal spending. If the GOP continues to push this point of view, the party may have a major chance to rebound two years hence."

■ The Supreme Court has ruled (in another 5 to 4 squeaker) that spanking schoolchildren is not "cruel and unusual punishment" within the meaning of the Eighth Amendment. Which is not to endorse spanking, but merely to point out that the purview of the Constitution (unlike that of, say, the FDA) is finite. Naturally there are those who think the Court was, or should have been, pronouncing on the merits of that time-honored sanction. "The Court's decision offers no comfort for those who believe spanking is counterproductive," frowned the *Washington Post*, to whom in passing we commend the words of Samuel Johnson: "There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there; so that what the boys get at one end, they lose at the other."

■ State law in New Hampshire requires that its motto, "Live Free or Die," be displayed on the license plates of all noncommercial vehicles. For George and Maxine Maynard, this motto was contrary to their religious beliefs as Jehovah's Witnesses, as well as their general opinion that life is more precious than freedom. So they covered up the motto on their plates in 1974, and, after three years, three convictions, and 15 days in jail, the Maynards have won their case: last week, the Supreme Court ruled 7 to 2 that a person cannot be required to use his private property to display state-prescribed messages. Score one for individual rights.

■ One of a series of interviews Sally Quinn of the *Washington Post* did when she and Ben Bradlee were in Cuba about a month ago was with Haydee Santamaria, director of the Cuban Cultural Center, whom Miss Quinn identi-

Oops

It was really quite a boo-boo:
  This four-motored Russian job
Penetrated Charleston's radar,
  And without a blip or blob.
Although fighters quickly scrambled,
  Pilots couldn't find a thing;
Up in Norfolk with the Navy
  It was called "embarrassing."
Now the incident's forgotten
  And I guess it's just as well,
Since McGovern's making progress
  On relations with Fidel.

W. H. VON DREELE

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fied as a "heroine" of the Revolution. Haydee Santamaria is married to Armando Hart, a "hero" of the Revolution and Castro's education minister. Professor Marvin Alisky of Arizona State University has a few words to add to Miss Quinn's account. "Nowhere," he writes in a letter to the *Arizona Republic*, which published the Quinn interview, "does Quinn mention that Haydee and Armando Hart stood in the Havana Sports Place in April 1959 in front of news cameras, shouting 'To the firing squad!' at hapless clerks who had worked for the Batista government. A kangaroo court declared these minor bureaucrats guilty, without any jury or sworn witnesses—just the shouts for blood led by the Hart demagogues. Dozens murdered in an atmosphere of blind hatred. Can the warm-hearted heroine portrayed by Quinn be the same official of the Federation of Cuban Women who ripped the brace off the leg of a polio victim before that hapless woman refugee limped aboard an airplane for exile in Florida in 1960? I know, for I was at the Havana airport when it happened."

■ The Chief Actuary of the Social Security Administration, A. H. Robertson, figures that expected Social Security payments will exceed planned payroll taxes by $4.3 trillion through the year 2050. Robertson estimates that outlays will be nearly 29 per cent of taxable payroll by then. Take out another 50 per cent or so for federal and state income taxes and future generations should have just enough to pay their property and sales taxes. Don't worry. In the long run we're all dead. And in the short run we are expected to be impressed by an economic stimulus proposal that cuts Social Security taxes and raises the benefits.

■ A Czechoslovak lieutenant general who signed a human rights manifesto and complained about government policies that repress citizens "whose only fault is to have different opinions on certain matters" has been demoted to the rank of private, forbidden to wear his military decorations, and fired as director of a hotel and as chairman of the military sports club.

■ A few days after President Carter met with Vladimir Bukovsky, an envelope from Shanghai containing a letter to Jimmy Carter reached Hong Kong. The writer, who identified himself as a "young intellectual," implored Carter "not to forget the Chinese Mainland and to support us with the same commitment you gave the Soviet human rights leader." The letter continues: "The Chinese Mainland today is hell on earth. The thousands and thousands of people who in their bid to survive either attempt to cross the border, escape from small farming villages, or try to secure freedom and their enjoyment of human rights, are all locked up by the Communists in prisons or labor reform camps. . . . Mr. Carter, we realize that in order to gain our human rights . . . we must have more spiritual and moral support—most of all from the American people, who have a 200-year-old history of supporting human rights."

■ An historian at Utrecht University in the Netherlands is concerned about the Moscow Olympics. Citing the propaganda windfall that Hitler received from the 1936 Games in Berlin, the historian speculated that the Soviet Union must have similar hopes. To ensure their hopes aren't realized, the historian suggested, the Soviets ought to be pressured to release their political prisoners as a gesture to human rights. The historian? Andrei Amalrik, who, after five years in its jails, was expelled last year by the host of the 1980 Games.

■ India has traditionally been neutral; the only question has been whom she would be neutral *for*. So the shock waves spread quickly through the Kremlin when India's new Prime Minister, Morarji Desai, began his tenure by saying: "We don't want any special relations with any

"Foot stuck in your mouth again, Mr. Young?"

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

In the bars and the restaurants, on the Hill and in the White House compound, in the office buildings and at the Departments and Agencies, the only subject here this week is energy. Carter has succeeded dramatically in focusing attention on the energy crisis. But there is no agreement over Carter's proposals themselves, and the feeling is growing that those proposals, if translated into the twenty to thirty pieces of legislation that Carter is calling for, will simply intensify the crisis they are intended to solve.

Most energy experts insist that there are probably sufficient supplies of hydrocarbons in the ground to carry us about halfway through the next century. The problem, however, is getting them out. New sources tend to be discovered in relatively inaccessible places such as the North Sea or Alaska's North Slope. There are also large supplies of oil and huge quantities of natural gas off the Northeastern U.S. coast. But these sources are extremely expensive to discover and develop, and in many cases various governmental leasing and environmental strictures make exploration and development well-nigh impossible.

It was in this area that industry representatives hoped Carter would finally move. But his proposals, consisting as they do of incentives to conserve and penalties for consumption, focus entirely on demand and almost totally ignore the equally important problem of supply. Industry representatives who had talked with James Schlesinger over the past several months reported that the package would contain a pitch for deregulation. But there was no such pitch.

Industry representatives point out that the proposals do little to encourage activity in the most important area of all—the development of alternative sources. Coal liquefaction and gasification, synthetic natural gas, geothermal energy—all such development is extremely expensive and still in its earliest stages; it cannot produce meaningful quantities of energy for decades. Such a mix of sources is necessary, the experts agree, if we are to continue to function as an industrial society. But the experts find few incentives for such development in the Carter proposals, and they scoff at the one area that Carter does highlight—the development of solar energy, which remains in the most embryonic stage of development and is perhaps the least economical of the alternative energy sources. Solar energy will not be an effective source until it can be used for space heating, and that technology, a highly respected energy economist points out, is still years off at reasonable prices.

■ Not everyone was put off by the proposals, of course. A loathing for the automobile and an almost religious belief in solar energy have long been basic tenets in the environmental creed, and the Sierra Club and the Environmental Defense Fund, while leery of the idea of developing coal, are nevertheless applauding loudly. It was in large part an environmental package, and Washingtonians who know James Schlesinger insist that there must be much more here than meets the eye. As a member of the Ford Administration, they say, he saw Ford's balanced supply-demand program go down to defeat, and he believes that no balanced program stands a chance, mobilizing as it would the articulate public interest types, the environmentalists, and their allies in Congress and the media. Thus, say these Schlesinger acquaintances, the initial proposals were purposely pitched at these politically potent groups, hoping to disarm them sufficiently, at the outset, so that when some of the inevitable collisions occur —for instance, the unavoidable collision between coal development and clean air laws—many of the environmentalist spokesmen will have already committed themselves. And in the meantime, say Schlesinger's defenders, amidst the confusion that will swirl on the Hill as Congress attempts to translate those proposals into legislation, there will be a quiet push from the White House for provisions that deal with the problem of supply. "Jim is no wine-and-cheeser," says one, a respected Republican journalist. "He hasn't joined the no-growth crowd. I don't know just how it will happen, but that other shoe is going to fall."

■ That New American Majority again? Perhaps it's all a pipe dream, but the fallout from the energy proposals seems to have thrown some unlikely partners together. The Republican leadership, in its attacks on the proposed gasoline tax, suddenly finds itself fighting side by side with several urban groups and the AFL-CIO. The working poor, for whom long-distance commuting, often in pickups, has become a way of life, would be hard hit by the tax, as would unionists, who are among the heaviest purchasers of gas-guzzling recreational vehicles such as campers. As the Republican journalist puts it, "We're the only friends George Meany's got left. It's our crowd and Meany, against the small-earthers and the no-growthers."

—CATO

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country. The foreign policy of non-alignment should be a proper non-alignment, fully non-aligned, with no suspicion of any alliance with anybody." This was enough to send Andrei Gromyko scurrying off to New Delhi—pausing only to congratulate President Podgorny on his triumphant tour through Africa—and, when he arrived in India, to make Gromyko insert into his prepared speech a declaration of his own policy of neutrality: friendship between India and the Soviet Union, he said, was not intended to hurt any third country. "It is not so and it will not be so."

■ With less than two months to go till the first democratic elections in over forty years, Spain is heating up. The leftists are pleased that Prime Minister Suárez will probably decide to enter the June 15 election, feeling that he will siphon votes from Manuel Fraga's rightist Popular Alliance. Fraga, for his part, is not all that displeased. While the Suárez stewardship has been widely praised, the recent legalization of the Communist Party has cost him one potent constituency: the armed forces. The Popular Alliance has wasted no time seizing the initiative. A Fraga ally recently raised the possibility of "having once again to return to liberate Barcelona from the hammer and sickle." Fraga has been equally blunt: "I am one of those threatened by the Marxists, but I can assure you that I risk my life with great pleasure in the defense of the peace of Spain." The imminent arrival

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My Merry Oldsmobile

If they say to me, "Von Dreele,
When you drive your Oldsmobile
  You'll be stuck for extra dough
  Just to *buy* that big bateau,"
I shall listen to their spiel
As I hunch behind the wheel;
  But if you hit me,
  I'd prefer to be
In my merry Oldsmobile.

W. H. VON DREELE

of Dolores Ibarruri—La Pasionaria—from Moscow might be all it takes to bring the country to the boil.

■ The Communist line is that what is going on in Zaire is yet another naked aggression by the imperialist-colonialist powers (the United States, France, and Belgium, abetted by an unlikely flunky, Morocco) to bolster the corrupt regime of President Mobutu. How do we know this? Because in a single day those countries were charged with aggression in the Vietnamese *Qhan Doi Nhan Dan* (People's Army), the Bulgarian *Narodna Armia* (People's Army), the Czech *Rude Pravo* (organ of the Czech CP), and by the standing World Peace Council in Helsinki. The Western European Communist Parties may claim independence from the Kremlin, but Agitprop is still alive and kicking where Communists hold power, as Chile has learned to its sorrow.

■ China has just published volume five of Mao Tse-tung's *Collected Works* in a first printing of 15 million copies. Control of the book had apparently been thought so critical that the first public action taken by Party Chairman Hua Kuo-feng after the arrest of Mao's widow and her associates was to announce its publication. Not surprisingly, the contents are said to show Mao as chiefly concerned with transforming China into a socialist country and building a socialist economy by conventional means. The Party central committee has decided to begin a "mass movement to study" the book. Touchy task, de-Maoization.

■ By the way, the Canadians (and the Japanese and the Europeans) also ran massive new tests on sodium cyclamate and gave it a clean bill of health. The FDA ignored those.

■ The Consumer Product Safety Commission has reaped headlines by banning the sale of nearly $100 million worth of children's sleepwear treated with the flame-retardant chemical Tris. For your final exam, try to figure out what agency ordered manufacturers to treat children's sleepwear with flame-retardant chemicals. Think hard.

■ One of our recent cover girls, a Miss Hellman, has been taking a lot of flak for posing for a mink coat advertisement some months back. She hadn't sold out, she recently protested, the ad folks just "caught me on a bad afternoon." But Jane Trahey of the ad firm stood up for the dignity of her profession. "People in advertising are liberals," she told *More* magazine. "We care about blacks, we care about Jews, we work free for political campaigns. I think it's unfair that we should be stuck with this huckster image." Madison Avenue + Radical Chic = the Higher Hucksterism.

■ If you are not yet fully impressed with the gravity of the energy crisis, reflect on the fact that House Speaker Tip O'Neill and Minority Leader John Rhodes have both announced publicly their willingness to consider the possibility of reaching a decision to trade in their limousines, each on the condition that the other does it first.

■ In a bold effort to restore its tarnished image and regain the confidence of the American people, the Food and Drug Administration is suing the manufacturers to recall Wuf-E-Nuf and Relco Bark Trainer electric dog collars, which, the FDA alleges, hurt laboratory researchers' necks and do not keep them from howling.

■ Meanwhile, heedless of the barbarian attacks on the outposts, life in the West remained calm. Californians reported the development of a square tomato, to go with the square egg they invented last year. Unsuccessful efforts were made to break the world records for kissing and staying in a cave. And a new study reveals that sex on prime-time TV is much less interesting than most people suppose, averaging only 3.74 kisses and 2.68 embraces per hour, not counting the commercials. Researchers studying sex in the afternoon soapers apparently became distracted and lost count.

■ Jamie Ray, 12, of Florence, Alabama is in big trouble with the law because his 8 × 10-foot treehouse, which has a shingled roof, glass windows, and carpeting, is too comfortable. Along came the inspectors from the Florence Building Inspections Department, who ruled that Jamie's treehouse was "fit for human habitation" and established, after a meticulous survey, that it was less than twenty feet away from a city street, in violation of the zoning laws. Florence Building Inspections Director Austeen Goode, while "admittedly sympathetic," ruled that Jamie had ten days either to pull down the treehouse or move the tree. "My responsibility is enforcement," Goode said, adding that his own cave was far back from the path.

■ "Boys, we have to do something about the energy crisis."

"But Mr. President, I thought we took care of that last week."

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"Not *that* energy crisis. I'm talking about coffee. The world is running out of coffee. This country can't get started in the morning without a cup of coffee. If we don't do something we'll become a second-rate power."

"Why not just develop new sources of supply, Mr. President?"

"Even if we found any it would take years and years. I want action *now*."

"It's easy, Mr. President. We'll ask the people to make sacrifices, drink less. Tell them this is like wartime."

"Tax coffee, sir. About 50 cents a cup should do it. Uh, standby authority, of course, if coffee consumption does not go down voluntarily."

"Raise milk and sugar prices again with higher subsidies."

"Establish a coffee conservation bureau with Cabinet rank to regulate prices. Appoint a Coffee Czar."

"Great, boys. I like it. Start drawing up the plans. We'll have to soften the blow, though. I know—we'll say we're going to give back all the taxes in Kool-Aid credits or something."

"Aw c'mon, Mr. President, who in his right mind will believe you're going to return the taxes?"

"Trust me, boys. Trust me."

Millions for Taxes

The purpose of any coherent energy policy must be to develop those domestic energy resources which can be produced as cheaply as OPEC oil, and to allocate energy resources to the uses consumers value most highly. The Carter proposals continue to make development of U.S. oil and gas at OPEC prices illegal, and continue to impose arbitrary administrative decisions about who shall use energy for what purposes.

Taxing the difference between the controlled price of domestic oil and the OPEC price is no less painful to consumers than just decontrolling the domestic price, but differs from decontrol in that it will do less than nothing to increase domestic energy supplies. And why impose gasoline taxes of up to 50 cents a gallon while continuing price controls that simultaneously depress gas prices by no more than 7 or 8 cents?

The gas-guzzler tax would be largely redundant, given the severe mileage standards already legislated. But waiting for the rebates will temporarily slow the sale of small cars, and there is no easy answer to the problem of sending rebates to foreign car companies. Tax breaks for buying home insulation later rather than sooner will likewise delay conservation.

It is said that some of the added taxes will be returned to consumers, at least at first, but there are hints about using this as yet another excuse for redistributing income to politically favored groups—for reasons having nothing to do with either energy or economic performance.

Finally, the hope of greatly increasing coal production is incompatible with other plans that make it even more difficult and costly to extract and burn coal. Extending natural gas price controls to the intrastate market is likewise just a scheme to extend shortages to the South. The definition of new gas as being within a five-mile circle of existing wells effectively eliminates the surest sources of new supplies.

Perhaps the most ominous aspect of President Carter's energy speech to Congress was its shameless use of misleading statistics. "If it were possible for world demand to continue rising during the 1980s at the present rate of 5 per cent a year," said the President, "we could use up all the proven reserves of oil in the world by the end of the decade." That has always been true. We have never had more than a decade or two of proved reserves. Proved reserves are just an estimate of how much can be economically extracted from known and developed reservoirs with existing technology and existing prices. The world's proved reserves are now about two and a half times what they were two decades ago, and they will doubtless be much larger by the end of this decade.

The President observed that "transportation consumes 26 per cent of our energy," gratuitously adding that "as much as half of that is waste." He then launched the attack on big cars, although cars constitute, obviously, only a portion of all transportation and account for about 18 per cent of our energy use. Gasoline-powered new cars (not costly diesels) bear the brunt of the attack although they already get much better mileage than older models, and new cars account for less than a tenth of the total stock of cars. If all new cars were the size of Hondas, the initial impact on total energy consumption would be trivial, since new cars account for less than 2 per cent of all energy use.

The new regime seems determined to criticize consumer preferences, which are quite rational so long as prices remain controlled, and to threaten to force domestic energy producers to divest themselves of needed investments in alternative energy sources.

This is not the stuff of which sound energy policies are built.

The Real Disease

President Carter has asked Congress to limit the increase in hospital bills to 9 per cent. The idea is to put a lid on total spending, so that if costs per unit of medical care continue to rise, the quantity of medical services will simply be reduced. This is the British system of more and more people waiting longer and longer for less and less service.

Prices rise for a reason, and it is no secret why medical-care prices have soared since Medicare and Medicaid were adopted in the late 1960s. Government accounted for about 25 per cent of all medical expenditures from 1950 to 1965, 37 per cent in 1970, and 42 per cent in 1976. Government spending on medical care rose from $6 billion in 1960 to $59 billion in 1976. It is no coincidence that the share of national spending (GNP) devoted to medical care rose from 5.2 per cent in 1960

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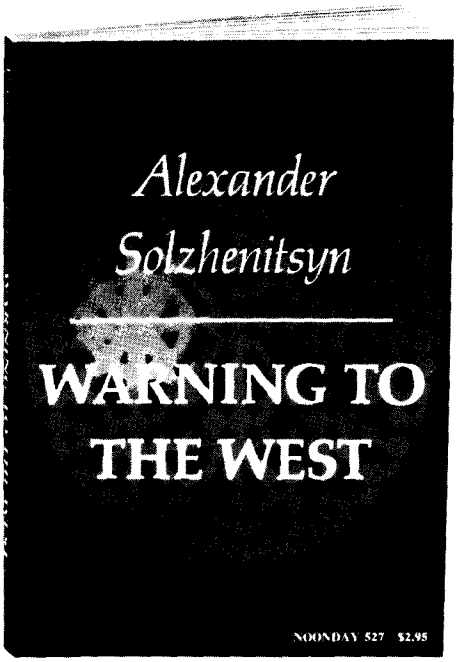
"A Blow at the Solar Plexus"

— WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.



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About "Warning to the West" . . .

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In fact, it's hard to overrate Solzhenitsyn's impact. Malcolm Muggeridge goes so far as to call him "the greatest man now alive in the world" and this book will give you a good idea *why* he makes such a statement. As Lane Kirkland says in his foreword, "A principle of mechanics tells us that, given a long-enough lever, one man can move the entire world." Solzhenitsyn is putting that principle to the test. Will America listen? Will you?

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to 8.6 per cent in 1976—with most of that increase reflecting higher prices. Prices for medical services rose by 11.4 per cent per year in the past two years compared with 7.5 per cent for all prices. It is no use to blame it all on costs: costs are prices too, so we still need an explanation of why those prices suddenly began to soar. It is no use to blame it all on greed: greed is a constant and therefore can't explain change.

The only explanation for any sustained increase in prices, year after year, is that demand is chronically outrunning supply. There are, of course, some anomalies in medical-care pricing: under-utilization of hospitals can raise costs, and physicians can to some extent create demand for their services. But it still remains true that the sum of all prices charged for medical care cannot exceed the number of dollars devoted to the purpose. Those dollars have increasingly come from the government. It would indeed be helpful to stop this flood of greenbacks, but that would require shrinking or stopping Medicare and Medicaid, not just tinkering with the inevitable results.

Carter's Executive Style

A recent article about President Carter's executive style has been causing something of a flap at the White House, but these new boys should relax and forget about it. After talking with a number of White House staff members, James T. Wooten of the *New York Times* reported that Carter is growing inaccessible, "seems to be retreating into the sanctuary of his little study," is centralizing power in the White House rather than distributing it to the Cabinet, tends to intimidate subordinates, is impatient with disagreement, and has created a "morale problem" through "an absence of praise or interest from the man in the Oval Office." Jody Powell, White House press secretary, denies it all indignantly, and they have been trying to ferret out the culprits who told all these lies to Wooten.

But why bother, and what else is new?

Every President must be inaccessible. Every congressman, labor leader, women's spokesperson, businessman, influence peddler, black leader, staff member, foreign ambassador, Indian chief, and ego-tripper wants to see the President. For a lobbyist, it can mean big money just to get his name on the President's appointment calendar ("I told Mr. Carter yesterday in no uncertain terms . . ."). If the ambassador from Upper Volta can get to see Carter he will never again step foot in Upper Volta. If the mayor of Oshkosh gets to see him, it's a big political plus: "The President assured me, personally, that the sewage disposal needs of Oshkosh would not be neglected." When this mob cannot get in to see the President, they tell the press that the President is a recluse. Rather than admit that the President, in fact, did not want to see them, they often place the blame on the chief of staff or the appointments secretary. This individual is usually said to be "isolating" the President. But from Sherman Adams to Bob Haldeman, someone has to say no. He does not do it on his own. The President has said some version of: "Keep that bore from Upper Volta out of my hair."

Any President is going to be "abrupt" with "disagreement." Disagreement can get very long-winded, especially when some bureaucratic or other interest is at stake. When the President winds up the conversation after 45 minutes, the press hears that he has been "abrupt."

So there is a staff "morale problem" because of an absence of praise from Carter. That is nothing new either. The President is the source of status in Washington. The exact distance of a staff member's office from the President's office is a loose indication of his rank. The entire staff, the entire bureaucracy, the entire social world of Washington, possesses an insatiable capacity for presidential personal attention. Carter could not satisfy this desire any more than he could fill the Grand Canyon with teacupsful of water.

The complaint that the President is not decentralizing power in the direction of the Cabinet is also rather silly. The power of the Cabinet is entirely derivative. Nobody elected Mike Blumenthal or Cyrus Vance, let alone Andy Young. In the structure of this situation, serious policy flows from the top down.

We Don't Spank in NYC

They can thrash the kids in Kansas;
  They can spank them up in Maine.
In the public schools of Denver,
  Naughty kiddies writhe in pain.
But up here, the city fathers
  Say compassion is a plus,
And though rapes are rather frequent,
  Teachers never make a fuss.

W. H. VON DREELE

Red Herring?

While the world is bemused by the reinforcement of President Mobutu Sese Seko's army with Moroccan troops; by his military provisioning by the French and his purchase of several planeloads of Coca-Cola from the United States; and by flights of pygmy bowmen to the scene of battle to repel the invading secessionists, interesting things are happening in other parts of Africa, beyond the boundaries of Zaire.

President Nikolai Podgorny of the Soviet Union and Prime Minister Fidel Castro have only recently quitted the continent after their tours of the native hotspots, and their spoor remains warm. In the past couple of weeks, large quantities of Soviet anti-aircraft weaponry and

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artillery have been disembarked in Mozambique, whose government Podgorny swore to abet in its war of attrition against the Ian Smith regime in neighboring Rhodesia. Last week the Soviets scored a diplomatic triumph in Ethiopia, whose Marxist regime ousted the consulates of the United States and other NATO countries and is preparing to supplement the military supplies it is currently receiving from the Russians with a contingent of Cuban advisors, expected to arrive momentarily. Whether Podgorny's visit to Somalia, long a client state of the USSR, will pay off is uncertain: Saudi Arabia and the Sudan are engaged in an attempt to detach Somalia from the Communist alliance and, given the regional conflicts of interest in that part of Africa, they may be able to pull it off. Thus the Soviet Union is doubtless especially eager to endear itself to the Territory of the Afars and the Issas which is on the threshold of independence from France. The Territory is located between Ethiopia and Somalia on the Gulf of Aden, and enjoys the excellent port of Djibouti to which, for strategic reasons, the Russians would like access.

So far, both Cuba and the Soviet Union continue to deny indignantly the charge that the rebels who are using Angola as a base of operations against Zaire are being trained, armed, and reinforced by Cuban soldiers. That charge, of course, is merely a statement of fact. The open question is perhaps only this: is the invasion of Katanga province a diversionary feint intended to distract the West from Communist activity in other parts of Africa?

Republican Notes

In what sometimes sounds like a continuation of the 1976 Republican primary contest, Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan continue to speak out for rival tendencies within the Republican Party, and no alternative Republican leader appears to be emerging on Capitol Hill.

Speaking recently in Los Angeles at a meeting of Republican state legislative leaders, Mr. Ford asserted that the U.S. is "a moderate nation of moderate people to whom ideology is far less important than practicality." At the same time, in Santa Barbara, Ronald Reagan was sounding a different note: "I told Chairman [William] Brock that we are Republicans, that we want to work for our principles and our beliefs within the Republican Party. I told him also that we hope that those who are in control of the national party apparatus will never force us to look elsewhere or for other means to advance the cause of conservatism in America."

A few days earlier, Republican National Chairman Brock argued at a Republican fund-raising dinner that if the GOP expected to win elections it would have to attract black voters.

Is all this confusion really necessary? Consider Brock's point. Ever since Carter's electoral victory, GOP politicians have been mesmerized by Carter's black vote, perhaps because Carter is a Southern white man. But Carter got about the same percentage of the black vote as George McGovern. The *swing* vote in the 1976 election was the "Wallace" vote. Southern whites and Northern ethnics who voted for Nixon in 1972 switched and voted for Carter in 1976. If Mr. Brock cannot see the political landscape, how can he guide the Republican Party through it?

The category of social class, moreover, is far more important than the category of race. Essentially a middle class party, the GOP can hardly outbid the Democrats for the votes of the welfare class, for the bureaucratic overseers of the welfare class, or for the academic social engineers who provide the theoretical backdrop for the vast welfarist enterprise. But not all blacks, by a long shot, belong to the welfare class. The black businessman or physician, filling out his tax return, is likely to find himself thinking distinctively Republican thoughts.

The semantics of "moderate" versus "conservative" as employed by Ford and Reagan no doubt reflects a struggle for power within the party structure, but it is doubtful that this kind of debate has much electoral appeal in Middle America, and it should give way to some persuasive analysis of concrete issues. Is San Diego's mayor Pete Wilson, for example, correct in his extraordinary view that the cost of government can be held down through population concentration? And that therefore urban sprawl should be discouraged? Wilson's position does not charm the real estate interests, and he may even be incorrect; but he may also be right, and his idea seems more interesting than talk about "moderation" and "ideology." How can the blue-sky costs of education and health care be cut back? Do children spend too many hours and too many years in school? Are we really committed to busing, reverse discrimination, and all the rest of it? On a whole range of economic and social issues the Republicans require a political compass that will direct them to positions squarely in the interest of Middle America.

It is becoming clear that nothing much is going to emerge among the Republican leaders in Washington—see Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker's pointless attack on President Carter's hard line in Moscow, and the general disarray of the Republican leadership over Carter's instant-registration package.

Wallowing, Anyone?

The mail brings us a new book by Victor Lasky, whose title is self-explanatory: *It Didn't Start with Watergate.* Columnist William Safire calls it "a political consciousness-expanding book," and so it is: less to be read than kept, dandled, wallowed in. Lasky offers a compendium of political dirt concerning the transgressions of major politicians since Roosevelt. FDR, the Kennedys, and Lyndon Johnson emerge as the leading con men of recent American history, with the thuggery of Jack and Bobby particularly ugly; but even St. Adlai and George

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McGovern were at least surrounded by overzealous subordinates, as the phrase is. Only Truman and Eisenhower come off reasonably well.

"Granted that two wrongs don't make a right," says Lasky, "but in law and politics, two wrongs can make a respectable precedent." By contemporary community standards, Nixon seems less a criminal than a mere bungler, distinguished from his two predecessors by ineptitude.

And by the light in which he was viewed. Among the great unscandalous scandals of Watergate is the complicity of the watchdogs of the press, who knew when to feign a sound snooze. Lasky has not had to dig up most of his facts; they are compiled from published sources. More ominous than Jack Kennedy's sins is the fact that his pal Ben Bradlee of *Newsweek*, one of the great generals of the Watergate campaign in his current position at the *Washington Post*, knew of them, concealed them, and was even willing to participate in them. More ominous still, Bradlee later told all (or was it just some?) in his *Conversations with Kennedy*, and went practically unrebuked in the press. (Bradlee's book might have borne Lasky's title.) For lying, threatening, abusing, bullying, scheming, and generally screwing his opponents, Raffish Jack went far, far beyond Tricky Dick.

Lasky's book will be called a scissors-and-paste job. The point is that no more than that was required. He has merely gathered data supplied, unblushingly, by pro-Kennedyites themselves, to name only the most prominent among his sources, and fashioned it all into one significant object. The major media will no doubt take at least passing notice and may even, here and there, confront the evidence and draw the appropriate inference. Namely, that in their line of business a slight shift of tone and emphasis is as good as a coverup.

Harry Bridges

If you last long enough, make enough of a fuss, hold up enough people, inconvenience the Republic long enough, institutionalize your bodylock on an industry or an organization, when you retire you will be handsomely treated. Thus Harry Bridges. Harry Bridges, in the words of labor commentator A. H. Raskin of the *New York Times*, "never abandoned his admiration for Moscow." One would think one would need go no further in assessing the character of any man. To admire Moscow is to admire the most aggressive totalitarian regime in the history of the world. What else is truly interesting about Harry Bridges?

His monopoly control of the Pacific waterfront has done damage to the economy estimated in the tens of billions of dollars. But because there is fraternal loyalty among labor unionists who exercise power in restraint of trade, Harry Bridges was permitted as recently as five years ago to all but close down Hawaii. Every stick of chewing gum used in the Fiftieth State was flown there. Harry Bridges was as effective as his mentors in their handling of Berlin in 1948. Never mind. He would get what he wanted for his longshoremen, or no one would get anything from anybody. Never mind that unemployment rose in Hawaii and in California. Harry Bridges would work his iron will.

Oh yes, we tried to deport him once. He was a Communist, and a foreigner, and had no divine or constitutional warrant to injure the American economy or conspire against the Free World. But it all got botched up and smelled a little like a bill of attainder, and Congress didn't have the courage to move generically against the labor unions that concern themselves exclusively with their own immediately perceived interests. Bridges is in the tradition of the man who affects to help all workingmen by extorting special privileges for his narrow constituency. By letting him and his kind get away with it, we disgrace the free market against which he rails. Harry Bridges is right to be contemptuous of societies that tolerate him.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I feel sure you will be enthralled to know that here at the University of Illinois, a once-great educational institution, the Office of Academic Affirmative Action has decreed that, vis-à-vis employment, "There shall be no discrimination because of physical or *mental* handicaps . . ."

How about that? *Academic* employment, too!

Oh, I tell you, the ding-a-lings are taking over, and no mistake!

Best,
Sheila Jane Barnes
University of Illinois
Urbana, Ill.

■ Memo to: Bill Buckley
From: Rob Sennott
[President and Founder,
Leadership Network]

The thoughtful letter from Bryan F. Griffin in the January 21 issue mentions NATIONAL REVIEW's comparatively thin size, as well as its "particular circumstances and the advertising and postal situations," as affecting newsstand sales adversely. Mr. Griffin has the sharp eye of a realist, but he may be encouraged if he will buy *NR* steadily hereafter.

Postal increases are indeed beyond our control, but the advertising prospects are highly encouraging. NATIONAL REVIEW is part of The Leadership Network, a recently formed group of diverse magazines presented

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as a package to the advertising community. The Network—*Atlas World Press Review*, *Commentary*, *Columbia Journalism Review*, *Foreign Affairs*, *The New Republic*, and *The New York Review of Books* are the other members—delivers over 500,000 subscribers of similar talents, if not similar opinions. Those talents are convincingly demonstrated by their high levels of education, income, consumer activity, and civic responsibility.

Among the discerning advertisers who have already perceived the virtues of this package are the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Western Electric, American Tobacco, Pan Am, Gulf, DeBeers Diamonds (yes, diamonds), and Rolex. They join such steadfast friends and shrewd supporters of *NR* as Deering Milliken and W. H. Brady Jr., and prompt me to predict a marked improvement in those "particular circumstances."

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

On the occasion of my last visit to the barber shop, and while perusing (for the 37th time) a 1948 *National Geographic*, my closeted hoard of NATIONAL REVIEWS came to mind. The next day I dropped off several copies at the shop, where they were gratefully received. My hope is that from time to time a waiting customer will pick one up and read and be enlightened.

Perhaps this is not a new idea, but I would like to see great numbers of *NR* subscribers contributing old issues to local barber shops, beauty parlors, doctors' offices, and other places where people congregate to wait. This might provide a happy balance to the dog-eared issues of *Time*.

Sincerely,
Ted McAnlis
North Palm Beach, Fla.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In childhood Albert Einstein
got a boil upon his heinstein,
and he wept because he felt nobody cared.

This traumatized his system
and later so enraged and pissed 'im
that in revenge he found $E = MC^2$.

The moral to this fable?
Love your kids, if you are able,
and take heed of their abrasions and contusions.

'Cause if you do ignore 'em
while pretending to adore 'em
they will find some way to shatter your illusions.

Sincerely yours,
Nathan Cabot Hale
Amenia, N.Y.

■ Dear Sirs: will you see Mr. Buckley get my *letter* you can print it—

Dear Mr. William F. Buckley,

Its hard enough to read papers and understand what a man is writing & trying to project but you dont help illetiate people to become smart. The way you write would make anyone stupid trying to read and understand what you are trying to say. Ive always been Republican not really knowing why except the town I live in exspecks its citizens to be Republican or their taxes go up. Now what were you trying to say about Democrates?

Sincerely yours,
Delores L. Dupuis
RD #3
Malta N.Y. 12020

Dear Miss Dupuis: I forget. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

Thank you so much for sending me *Airborne*, which I very much look forward to reading in the course of the next few days.

I must admit, I never saw you as a *Kon-Tiki* figure before. I can think of nobody with whom I would like to make such a journey, and am amazed you did not end up eating each other. Yours,

Auberon Waugh
Combe Florey House
Combe Florey
Taunton, Somerset TA4 3JD

Dear Bron: But did you count the bodies that disembarked? Cordially, Bill
—WFB

"Every time I think that obscenity has just about bottomed out, it sinks a little lower."

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Not Serious

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

AT THE BEGINNING of the fourth millennium B.C., a distinctive civilization began to take form on the island of Crete in the southern sector of the Aegean Sea. This civilization, which we have designated "Minoan," lasted for 2,500 years. It spread over much of the Aegean and the Greek mainland. Although it comprised a relatively small population, its art, architecture, and technology reached a level rivaling that of the contemporary civilizations in Egypt and Asia Minor.

In about the year 1400 B.C., the Minoan civilization on its home territories was destroyed. This was not a gradual, fluctuating decline and fall over the centuries, such as overtakes every civilization in the course of time. The archaeological evidence shows that the fall was sudden. On Crete itself, virtually all the cities were destroyed—in some way that included fire—within a short period of time.

No one is sure what happened, though many theories and more myths have been proposed as explanation. Some say a super-violent earthquake in that region where earthquakes are frequent, or a volcanic eruption, perhaps the same that blew the nearby island of Santorini into the remarkable configuration familiar to modern day tourists. Others argue for a colossal tidal wave. Many prefer a ruthless armed invasion that put all Crete to fire and sword. The myths speak of the wrath of the Olympian gods against their Cretan rivals; some stories relate Minoan Crete to the perennial myth of the lost Atlantis.

I have never gone in for doomsaying. Western civilization will probably draw out its disintegration for generations or centuries, like most of its predecessors. However, it does seem possible that it may end in the Minoan manner, not with a whimper but with a bang. Actually, we all know this could happen as a result of all-out nuclear war. What is being called "the energy crisis" is a second possibility.

This would seem to be President Carter's estimate of the energy situation. It is, he said in his April 18 address to the nation, "a problem unprecedented in our history. The energy crisis has not overwhelmed us, but it will if we do not act quickly. . . . The alternative [to my energy proposals] may be a national catastrophe. . . . [my proposals] will demand that we make sacrifices and changes in our lives."

The President's rhetoric was serious enough, but the content of his program is not serious—not commensurate, that is, with the energy crisis as he defines it, and as it is.

The Facts in the Case

The controlling facts are remarkably simple: 1) Western civilization has developed in such a way that it cannot function—thus, cannot survive—without a very high per capita use of non-human energy. 2) We cannot derive the required quantity of energy much longer from current sources as currently exploited. (In fact, the Western nations already cannot derive the required quantity from sources under their assured control.)

Abstractly, there would seem to be two ways of solving the crisis: use less energy (conservation), or get additional sources of energy. However, the first alternative is illusory. We cannot unravel the past. An individual or small group might cut back almost all the way to human plus animal energy. A modern nation might conceivably cut energy use a few percentage points by greater efficiency and elimination of socially trivial energy uses. But that's the upper limit. A very high—and rising—level of non-human energy usage is built integrally into the structure and functioning of the technologically advanced nations. With a substantial drop in available energy they would rapidly collapse.

Energy conservation might postpone for a few years our arrival at the point of no return. It makes sense only as a holding operation to cover the opening up of additional sources of energy—sources, moreover, under our own (i.e., Western) control, since otherwise (cf. the OPEC lesson) the sources are part of the problem, not of the solution.

The Carter proposals constitute only a conservation program. Of his "ten fundamental principles," only the last even mentions "new sources of energy." In the entire address to the nation there was no reference to nuclear energy.

Retreat or Advance?

The primary focus of a serious program would be on getting more energy, not less—from more intense exploitation of established sources (water power, oil, gas, coal, uranium) as well as from unconventional sources (plutonium, fusion, solar, thermal, wind, tides). The Carter program not merely neglects, almost to the point of ignoring, the positive and in the end only meaningful task. Many of its provisions are obstacles to its fulfillment.

The breeder reactor—a self-regenerating energy producer—is ruled out altogether. Nothing is said about fusion—the one prospect for an unlimited energy supply. New energy development, construction, and operation will be subject to paralyzing and costly environmental priorities. The billions collected from higher prices and new taxes are to go not to opening up additional energy sources but to redistributionist gimmicks—and to paying for the bureaucratic colossus that will be needed to administer the intricate, nearly incomprehensible mélange that the President's energy cadre of bureaucrats, lawyers, and ideologues—not a single one of them with any experience in the energy field—has cooked up.

DIALECTICAL ADDENDUM. *Thesis:* The Soviet Union is the only advanced nation that is self-sufficient in energy derived from its own coal, oil, and gas supplies. Nevertheless, the Soviet Union is rapidly expanding nuclear energy production and giving high priority to development of breeder reactors and the fusion process. *Antithesis:* In all the advanced Western nations, the local Communist Parties (including the Eurocommunist Parties) are actively supporting the spreading anti-nuclear movement that has lately had notable success in blocking construction of nuclear plants in West Germany, Italy, France, and Sweden, as well as the United States. □

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A STRATEGIC APERÇU

THE FIVE WORLDS OF DETENTE

NORMAN B. HANNAH

As the East-West bipolarity of the cold war has blurred in the "age of detente," we have been searching for a new conceptual image for world politics. Men have always devised conceptual images to help them arrange and manage the complex data and forces of the world; being suddenly without one is unnerving.

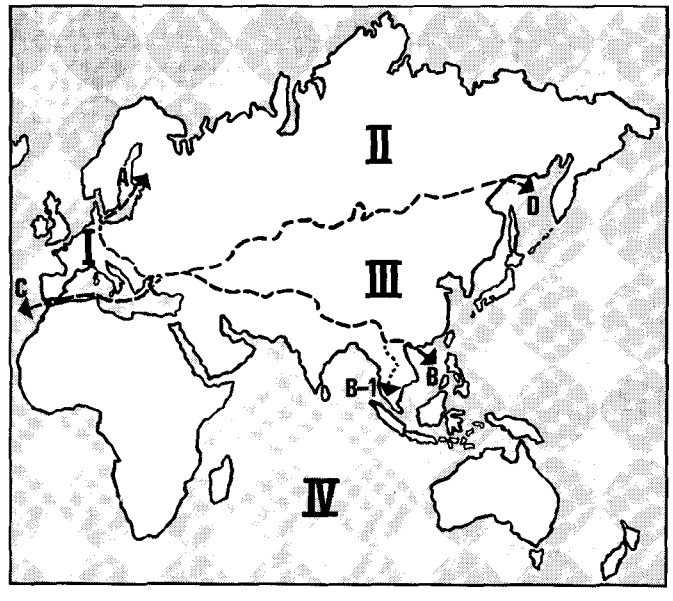
Recently a new, simplified concept was offered to replace East (Communist)–West (non-Communist). Rotating their lens ninety degrees, men found a North (rich)–South (poor) syndrome (hardly a polarity). Unfortunately, the new North-South syndrome is afflicted with the same weakness as the old East-West ideological bipolarism: it is too narrow. Just as "Communist–non-Communist" takes no account of wide variations in culture and development, so does "rich North–poor South" omit the cleavage between Communist and non-Communist nations, which has not been dissolved, either by detente or by Helsinki or by the discovery and proclamation of the North-South syndrome. However, when dovetailed together, the usefulness of these two concepts increases geometrically.

Leave aside the Western Hemisphere—for a moment only—and let a line be drawn from the Baltic along the Iron Curtain frontiers of East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, and then along the northern borders of Greece and Turkey. This was the original cold war line, of which some in the West have wearied and which has been condemned as excessively rigid. Gradually, it was extended southeastward through Asia, where, however, its relevance was weakened by cross-grain historical, cultural, and economic factors that led successfully to the concept first of "neutralism," then the "Third World," and now the "poor nations of the South."

Next, let a line be drawn separating Occidental from non-Occidental civilizations. Starting from Gibraltar, the line runs through the Mediterranean, to Turkey and thence across the Black and Caspian Seas, through Soviet Central Asia, north of Mongolia and Manchuria, to the Sea of Japan. North of this line are the Occidental civilizations of Europe—including Russia, which is basically Occidental, particularly so under the impress of the heterodox Western political doctrine of Communism. The bulk of Siberia (though not the Central Asian Moslem Soviet Republics) can be included also, as it was a largely empty land into which European civilization was extended. South of the line are the essentially non-Occidental civilizations of Asia and Africa.

This division is based primarily on deep-seated historical differences of civilization, not on wealth. It avoids the obvious incongruities of the overly simple "rich-poor" bipolarism: e.g., the rich oil producers of the Middle East do not automatically line up with the rich countries of Europe but continue to identify with the non-Occidental world. Wealth and development are not everything, and even the poorest countries will often take positions based on their cultural affiliations, not their poverty.

Together, the two lines, intersecting at Turkey, divide the Eastern Hemisphere into four unequal quadrants, which on the following map are numbered clockwise from Western



I. The First World—Occidental & Non-Communist
II. The Second World—Occidental & Communist
III. The Third World—Non-Occidental & Communist
IV. The Fourth World—Non-Occidental & Non-Communist

A–B = East–West cold war line
..... B–1 = Modified line resulting from Communist victory in Indochina
C–D = North–South line dividing Occident and non-Occident

Mr. Hannah is a Foreign Service Officer who served in Southeast Asia and Australia during the Vietnam War.

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Europe because that is the chronological order in which they actually materialized as distinguishable political regions. Allowing for some aberrations this is the world as it is. How did it get to be that way?

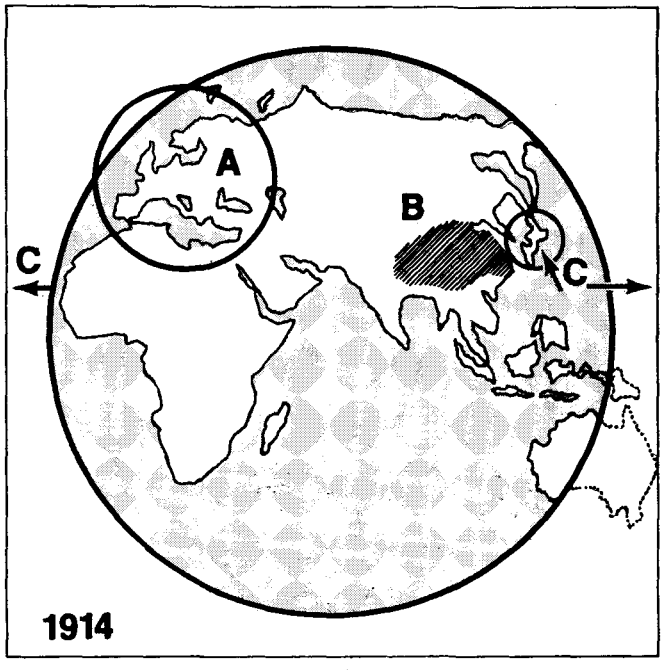
The first real World System was the European Imperial System, which consisted of three sectors:

A. Europe (including Russia)—the cockpit, whose superiority stemmed from its technology and from its internal balance of power, which enabled it to face the rest of the world in approximate unity.

B. The European Empire—that is, the rest of the Eastern Hemisphere—Africa, Asia (less Japan), and Australia—which was dominated by Europe directly or indirectly by virtue of superior technology plus military and maritime supremacy. China was too large for total control; it was merely contained within the Western-dominated China coast.

C. The Western Hemisphere and Japan—both of which took little part in world affairs, reposing in the lee of Europe's power while building up for the roles they would play later on.

The following map gives a symbolic image of the European Imperial System just before World War I:



A—Europe (including Russia)
B—European Empire
C—Western Hemisphere & Japan
Shaded area—Interior China

This pattern might have lasted another century had not World War I shattered the European unity on which it depended. The war split Europe into Eastern and Western parts, a cleavage which set up harmonic reverberations that undermined Europe's ability to rule the rest of the Eastern Hemisphere; and it brought Japan into the game as a full participant, and as a catalyst to the breakdown of European rule in Asia.

The Second World War 1) confirmed and worsened the East-West split in Europe, moving the dividing line west to the Elbe River; 2) shook the rest of the Eastern Hemisphere loose from Western Europe, thus extending the European East-West cleavage into Asia; 3) propelled China into a Communist takeover in 1949; and 4) thereby produced the quadrilateral division of the Eastern Hemisphere.

In the three instances where neither nature nor culture has drawn any natural division, it has required harsh brute force to push the Communist frontier forward

THE TWO WARS did not create these interesting fault-lines but, like earthquakes, exposed them, removing the layers superimposed by the European Imperial System. Where the political lines coincide with those laid down by centuries-long accretions of the work of nature and of man, they depend little on military force. In the three instances where neither nature nor culture has drawn any natural division, it has required harsh brute force to push the Communist frontier forward.

In Europe, the Communists pushed westward by force in violation of Europe's cultural and topographical unity. The Iron Curtain was drawn with a bayonet and held several times by Soviet forces: in Berlin, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. It was drawn back from Greece only in the face of the Truman Doctrine and Yugoslavia's defection.

In Southeast Asia, the line through Tonkin to the South China Sea was recently moved forward to the Gulf of Siam without any topographical or cultural rationale. The breathtaking defeat of Indochina differed in tactical detail from the Russian satellization of Eastern Europe but was equally effective in accomplishing an extension of Communist dominion.

In Central Asia the Soviet Union inherited from the Czarist Empire a vast non-Occidental empire, in the form of Moslem nations seized by St. Petersburg.

In the century of European balance and relative unity, the Occidental Russians expanded by land into Central Asia while the Western powers expanded by sea along the coasts of Africa, Arabia, and Asia. The balanced harmony of land and sea empires was epitomized in the 1907 Anglo-Russian Treaty which sought to stabilize the imperial frontier across Asia from Turkey to Tibet and China.

In those days, empire by either method was equally effective. Not so today. Western Europe's loss of its empire was not paralleled by a Russian loss. Western Europe's maritime empire depended on costly, visible exterior lines of support, whereas, like Imperial Russia, the Soviet Union has the advantage of cheaper, almost totally invisible interior lines to its non-Occidental empire. It was the open, visible channels between Western Europe and its non-Occidental empire that conducted the socialism and nationalism that fed indigenous political movements; it was those same channels that made Europe itself vulnerable to

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those political movements. The opposite has occurred in the USSR, where the invisibility and rigid control of all channels stifles incipient nationalism in the Moslem Republics.

THE FOUR quadrants are obviously unequal. They vary widely in degree of internal coherence. The Occidental Communist quadrant, or Second World, manifests coherent uniformity, imposed by the Communist Party of the USSR. At the other extreme is the non-Occidental, non-Communist Fourth World, a bedlam of diverse elements varying from obscenely rich to bitterly poor, rightist to leftist, theocratic to primitive, pluralistic to authoritarian, and able to agree on little besides certain postures to be adopted toward the rest of the world. In between are the Occidental non-Communist First World in Western Europe—semi-united but frequently unable to take concerted action—and the non-Occidental Communist quadrant: i.e., China, which has to compete with the USSR for influence in Korea and Indochina; plus the Central Asian Soviet Republics, which cannot but harbor a potentially fissiparous tendency.

Despite internal variations, each quadrant has its own particular behavioral context. The two cleavages divide the hemisphere into a stylized pattern, like four players in a game of bridge. It does not necessarily follow that the opposites in this game will always play partners, but the metaphor does reveal some intriguing correlations.

Underdeveloped China in the Third World is warming up to non-Communist Western Europe (First World), seated in the opposite corner, as Western Europe (along with the U.S.) moves toward rapprochement with China. The relatively developed Communist USSR (Second World) directs its attentions toward the underdeveloped, non-Occidental, non-Communist Fourth World opposite, e.g., India, the Arabs, and Africa, notably Somalia on the Indian Ocean and Angola on the Atlantic. In seeming reciprocity, the USSR is spared the pressure of the Fourth World in the latter's campaign for a New International Economic Order.

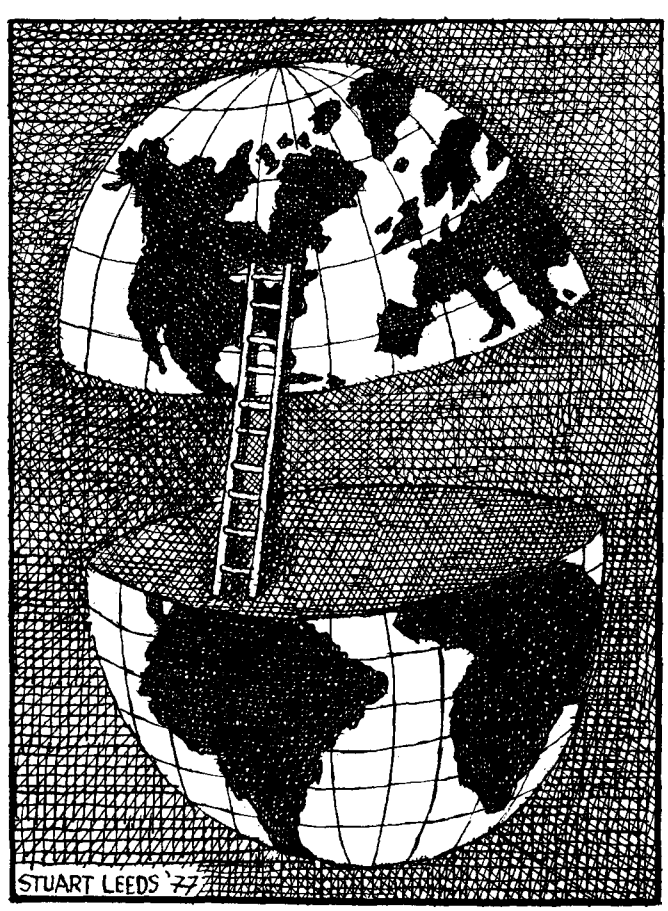
Well, if opposites attract, do adjacent flanking neighbors repel? They certainly do along the frontier between the First and Second Worlds, the core of thirty years of cold war. The Second and Third Worlds, in the form of the USSR and China, are engaged in a confrontation that rivals the European Iron Curtain. Variations within the Fourth World and distances between it and the Third make generalization difficult. Still, China's abrasive relationship with India fits the pattern. More interesting is the occasional parallelism between Chinese and Western postures, which stems from their both having the same reflexive reaction to the USSR's initiatives toward the Fourth World. And finally, the friction between the underdeveloped, non-Occidental Fourth World and the highly developed Occident is the very stuff of which the new North-South image of the world is fashioned.

One could discuss in turn each country's role in this quadrilateral pattern, but one example will suffice for now. Take Turkey. Part European, part Asian, Turkey lies at the junction of the two cleavages, of three continents, and of waterways leading to the Atlantic Ocean, the Indian Ocean, and the USSR. Turkey is thus the centerpiece of the framework. It is now wholly outside the Communist (Second and Third) Worlds, but a shift of its role would sever one line and turn the flank against both Greece in the West and Iran in the East. Turkey also acts as a land insulator between the USSR and the participants in the Arab-Israeli dispute. Russian arms and personnel have played an important role in the periodic Arab-Israeli wars, but this has not permitted the Russians to gain an irreversible position of strength in the region. Separated from the USSR by Turkey and the Mediterranean, the Egyptians were able to expel the Russians peaceably when they chose to do so, unlike the Poles, Czechs, and Hungarians, with whom the USSR has direct interior land links.

Metaphorically, Turkey is the knot that ties the whole package together. Whoever loosens or tampers with that knot may well start an unraveling process comparable only to the one that started at Sarajevo in 1914.

BUT WHAT of the Western Hemisphere? What of the United States? The roles of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres are essentially different, and a three-dimensional framework is necessary in order to fit them together. To bring the Fifth World—the United States and Japan—into the world image, it will be useful here to hark back to an old set of metaphors, the ones used by the British geographer Sir Halford Mackinder, well before the First World War.

Mackinder described the Europe-Asia-Africa land mass, surrounded by ocean, as the "World Island." The World Island is still the arena in which the prime international competition takes place. The center of the game, the stakes as it were, is still the Europe-Asia-Africa land mass, although the action may range over the whole globe. If the United States wants to play a role it must play from a dis-



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tance and therefore must find avenues through which to extend its reach. Potential avenues are many (economic, financial, political, and cultural as well as military), but they all depend on access, which means the air and sea surrounding the World Island.

Turkey is the knot that ties the whole package together. Whoever loosens or tampers with that knot may well start an unraveling process comparable only to the one that started at Sarajevo in 1914

When Mackinder wrote, Europe (including Russia) dominated Asia and Africa while the United States was only beginning to appear just over the horizon. The empires of Western Europe had extended by sea along the "rimland" surrounding the continental empire of Russia, which approximated what Mackinder called the "heartland." As long as the European balance of power operated, the rimland and heartland tended to balance each other. World War I cracked this pattern and World War II demolished it. The heartland and rimland became enemies. Western Europe's empire, but not the USSR's, fell to pieces. The USSR seized the opportunity to press into the weakened rimland, e.g., Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary; it put pressure on Greece, Turkey, and the short-lived Republic of Azerbaijan in northwestern Iran.

Thereupon, the United States threw its weight on the side of the West European quadrant, which was no longer able to play its role alone. The same oceans which circumscribed the Eastern Hemisphere provided access for America to exert its influence around the perimeter from Japan to Britain and Norway. In a sense, America surrounded the World Island. But note: although strong U.S. influence has been exerted along the East-West political cleavage, the same is not true of the North-South eco-cultural division. There, U.S. influence has ranged from indirect to uncertain; indirect along the frontier running from eastern Turkey to the Sea of Japan because of lack of access; uncertain along the frontier between Europe and the Fourth World because of schizophrenia between our traditional cultural affinity with Europe and our native political bias against colonialism.

But the Western Hemisphere is not completely homogeneous. Do not the same cleavages affect it? Is not Cuba a Communist state? Is not most of Latin America composed of underdeveloped poorer nations demanding a greater share of the world's product? Does not the cultural distinction between Latin America and English-speaking America parallel that between the Occident and non-Occident in the Eastern Hemisphere?

The answer is "Yes, but—" The distinction between Latin and English-speaking America is congruent with the North-South cleavage in the Eastern Hemisphere in the economic sense, but it is by no means as broad culturally or as pervasive politically. Both Americas are after all Occidental in origin.

Even though the political and eco-cultural fault-lines in the Western Hemisphere are harmonics of those in the Eastern Hemisphere, the two are not identical. The responsiveness of the Western Hemisphere to stimuli from the East is much attenuated. This is not to say that the less jagged fault-lines of the West could not continue to shift, through Cuban efforts and our own mistakes, until they vibrate in resonance with those of the East. But as of today they are only incipiently resonant; the image itself should suggest the importance of timely treatment.

Cuba of course is Communist and aligned with the USSR, and acts as the mercenary-military spearhead of Soviet policy in Africa. But rather than invalidating this conceptual framework, Cuba tends, as a striking exception, to highlight it. The fact of a Communist Cuba, an island ninety miles off Florida and 6,000 miles from the USSR, suggests some fatal errors on our part both before and since Castro's takeover. In short, Cuba is an inexcusable aberration which, as an island, has the possibility of eventual independence, a possibility denied to Czechoslovakia and Hungary.

Is this schematic portrayal of world politics too static to be realistic? Does it reintroduce the old ideological rigidity of the East-West cold war and, by linking it to the new North-South concept, destroy the practical usefulness of the latter as a guide to action?

I think not. Rigidity is no illusion along the East-West cold war frontier. In fact, it is the structural rigidity or irreversibility of Communist systems, more than details of ideology, that distinguishes them from non-Communist systems. Communist states have built irreversibility into their structure, and it has become a predominant feature of the world's political topography. Indeed, irreversibility is the proud boast of the USSR, which has not hesitated to use its armies to enforce it upon the countries of Eastern Europe. In Central Asia and the Caucasus, the Soviet Union's non-Occidental empire *seems* to be irreversible, in contrast to the recently ended West European empires. At the same time, under special circumstances change can and does occur within the Communist Worlds, witness Yugoslavia, whose special circumstance was that it shared no land frontier with the USSR.

As for the North-South syndrome, it is subject to a slow, majestic flux under the increasing impact of mass communications, education, technology, and political movements. But historic cultural differences run deep, and the present line between Occident and non-Occident could substantially have been drawn a thousand years ago. At the same time, there is great fluctuation among the countries of the Fourth quadrant, which are caught up in kaleidoscopic rivalries and ententes. This riotous configuration of the Fourth World is likely to be a principal focus of international attention until some kind of structured order emerges there. This is what attracts the attention of the powers of the first three Worlds and creates the international agenda implicit in the new North-South image of the world. It is argued that stability for these countries and the world requires a massive "transfer of resources." Perhaps; but history suggests that traditional cultural cohesion

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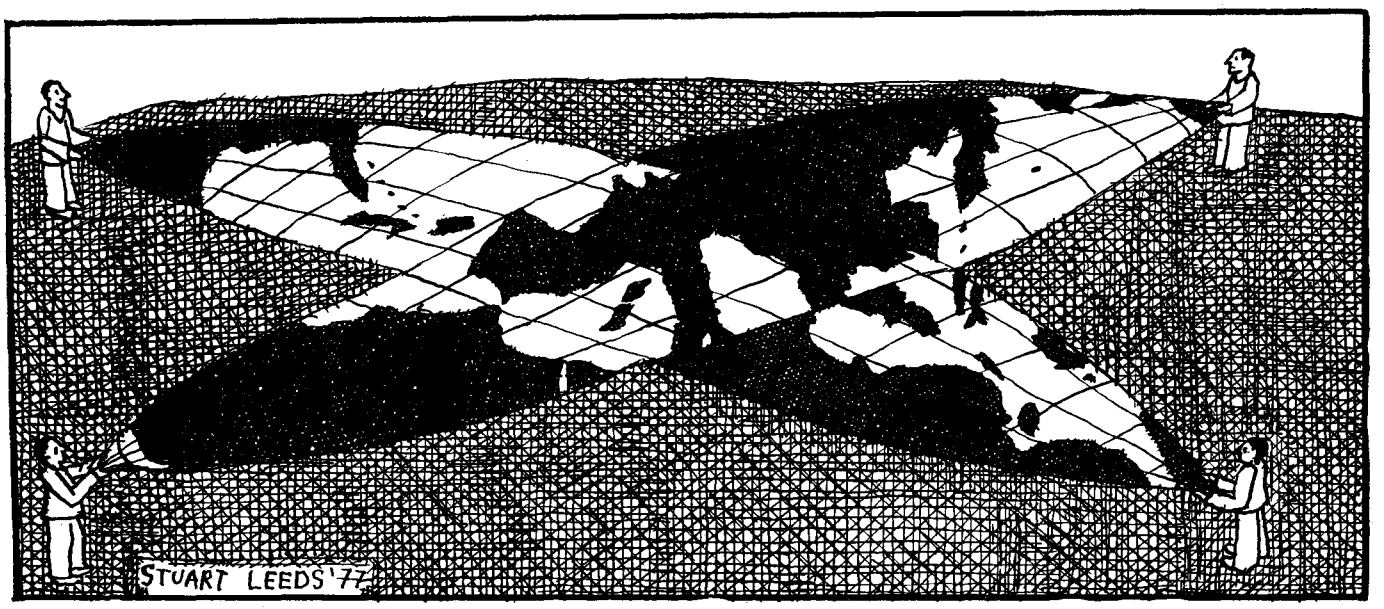

is at least as important as prosperity, if not more so. In the long run the Moslem belt from Morocco to Pakistan may have the greatest potential for being a stabilizing influence in the Fourth World—given the resolution of the Arab-Israeli dispute.

It may be said that this framework exaggerates territorial and cartographic lines. Yet, land territory is where people live, and the use of territory is still the basic aim of international politics. Sea and air are important as *means* to an end—but the end is to be found on land. Today, increasing attention is rightly being focused on qualitative factors of life, on the levels of wealth, health, culture, social relations,

Rigidity is no illusion along the East-West cold war frontier. It is the structural rigidity of Communist systems, more than details of ideology, that distinguishes them from non-Communist systems

legal justice, individual liberty, honesty in government, effective use of resources, balanced trade, stable exchange, economic development, distribution of food and population, etc. But all of these must be applied to particular populations living on and ruling over particular pieces of territory which fit into a geographical pattern of political, eco-cultural, and strategic cleavages.

In fact, mutual recognition of geographical limits has so far been the principal mode of relaxation of tensions between adjacent Communist and non-Communist countries. It is sometimes possible to reach limited agreements with Communist countries on the basis of a "your side/my side" de facto frontier—e.g., the 38th Parallel DMZ in Korea—whereas compromise on the basis of political coalition or ideological merging has been notably unsuccessful. The failure of the 17th Parallel DMZ in Vietnam was the result of the abandonment in the 1960s of the territorial concept of settling conflicts between Communists and non-Communists. The 1962 Geneva Accords on Laos put forth the idea of a "political" compromise, in which Communist and non-Communist elements in Laos were expected to *merge* with each other rather than agree on territorial division. It failed, becoming only a screen behind which the Communists used Laos as a major military route to South Vietnam, outflanking the 17th Parallel DMZ.

This schematic portrayal of world politics is no rigid dogma. It is only one of several ways of viewing events and should be used in conjunction with others. But, by highlighting the world's structural differences, might it cause us to see a danger in every difference, an enemy behind every frontier?

On the contrary, this is no battle-plan for a crusade against real or imagined enemies. It is a diagrammatic shorthand portrayal of the historical, political, cultural, and topographical patterns of the world—of the ground on which people live. Because of its multidimensional coordinates it is less susceptible to ideological absolutism than the old East-West bipolarism. For the same reason, it is protected against the inverted chauvinism and self-serving unrealism which could well make a mockery of the newer North-South syndrome. And by placing America in its correct relationship to the Eastern Hemisphere, it focuses attention not only on the powerful and ubiquitous role the United States has played since the war but also on the problems and potentialities of its separation from the East.

Structure is important, and we should be grateful for the complexly differentiated political, cultural, and geographical structure of the world. It provides us with a map to find our way, with instruments to seek our ends; and it preserves us from the dangers of undifferentiated uniformity. The object of responsible world politics should be to accept the structure of the world and to work with it, not to attempt vainly to erase differences between peoples, cultures, and systems, or to pretend that all people can be dealt with by reducing them to a common denominator, as beneficiaries of a mathematical distribution of wealth. □

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Bottom row (left to right): *Saul Bellow, Pat Moynihan, Barbara Walters*
Second row: *John Dean, Lillian Hellman, Theodore Sorensen, Pierre Trudeau*
Third row: *David Susskind, Frank Borman, Bella Abzug*
Top row: *Abe Beame, Daniel Ellsberg, John Lindsay*

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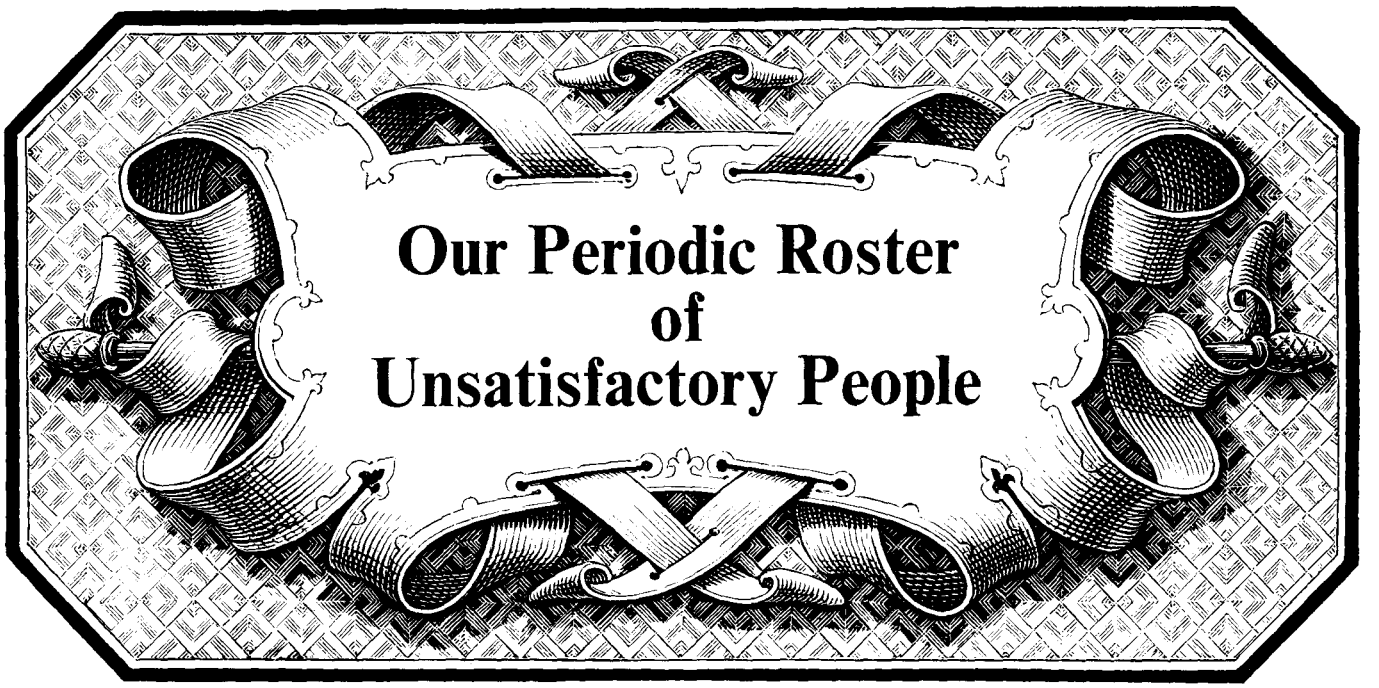

Our Periodic Roster of Unsatisfactory People

Fran Tarkenton, who excels in the little games.

Anthony Lewis, who, without detection, published the same column eight days in a row.

Barbara Walters, for setting back Women's Liberation for all the wrong reasons.

Theodore Sorensen, the spy who came down with cold feet.

George Atkinson, who in 1977 will kill somebody on a football field.

Clay Felker, not for his premature departure, but for his journalistic legacy.

Ray Kroc of McDonald's, whose central insight into the American society turned out to be right.

Lillian Hellman, whose apologia left us begging for more.

Abe Beame, who will contrive to be re-elected on a platform of fiscal reform.

Carl Rowan, for making even the politics of race a total bore.

Pat Moynihan, for parlaying *NR*'s Man of the Year Award into a Senate seat.

Fred Silverman, for bringing us our new cultural hero—the Fonz.

Arnold Zonk, the superintending mechanic of Bill Rickenbacker's aircraft.

Tom Wicker, formerly a young Claude Sitton, for maturing into a middle-aged Claude Sitton.

Arthur C. Nielsen, who each and every season cancels the only television series to which I have become addicted.

Russell Long, who should have told us, just for the record, that his 1976 tax bill was wiping out inherited wealth.

Jody Powell, whose earlier record of public service should have disqualified him as the principal spokesman for the U.S. Government.

Jann Wenner and **George Hirsch**, for their copious coverage of their copious coverage of each other.

Izzy Gremlin, crack *New York Times* rewrite man, who finds every screwball Carter appointment "reassuring" to business.

Anthony Lake, whose capacity for selective indignation makes him the spiritual heir to Eleanor Roosevelt.

Pierre Trudeau, for making at least part of the world safe for hypocrisy.

David Susskind, who, for all we know, is making a comeback.

The Captain and Tennille. Spengler was right.

Fawn Brodie, for manifold acts of historical pornography.

John Lindsay, for a rare brand of WASP chutzpah that permits him to comment on municipal affairs (for pay, yet).

Carter Burden. Felker was right.

Vartanig Vartan, who, in his daily stock market report, manages to quote at least two stock salesmen who say the market is headed straight north.

Joseph Califano, for grandstanding against abortion while settling in as chief bankroller for the nation's abortion mills.

Saul Bellow, for taking up some of Milton Friedman's valuable time.

John Dean. Now we know who it was who didn't just *talk* about running over his own grandmother.

Allard Lowenstein, for whatever it is that he's got on the editor of this journal.

Daniel Ellsberg. Despite an off-year, his previous feats earn him a spot on this year's squad.

Murray Splat. One of TV's faceless men, in this case the one who puts Bill Rusher on at 7:15 in the morning.

Frank Borman, who raises the fare on the Eastern Shuttle every three hours.

Bella Abzug. All we asked was one more victory.

Neal B. Freeman

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THE PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY

It Happens Every Spring

TIMOTHY J. WHEELER

WHAT BRINGS US back each year? Certainly not the novelty. Philadelphia Society meetings are as regular as the sunrise, and perhaps that is part of their appeal. This was our 13th annual meeting, and the most radical departure so far has been a change of hotels, to a new one a few blocks away from the original one. A stimulating program, reunion with friends—for whatever reasons, most of us in the Society manage to get to Chicago every spring and feel the loss in the years when we cannot. Over 180 members and guests attended this year, from 23 states, England, Germany, Israel, and distant Washington, D.C. Some guests will return as members. The Philadelphia Society is growing.

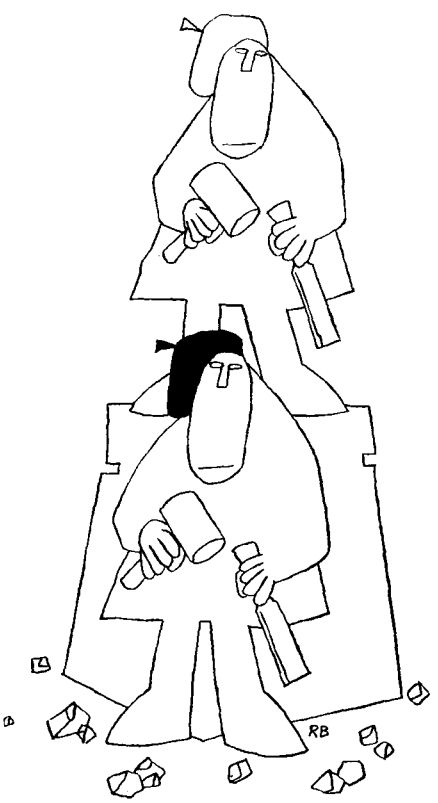
Steel v. *Plastic*

Turnout would be high even if the meetings were strictly business. The program usually includes a keynote and three working sessions addressed by distinguished speakers and panelists. Afterward the floor is open for questions and comment, and the interchanges are lively. The underlying purpose of these forums is not to promote activism but to braid together the strands of conservative thought and to deepen philosophical understanding. Students can match wits with scholars, businessmen with political aspirants. Nobody is immune to correction even if Frank Meyer no longer presides and Loren Smith, to go back still further, no longer poses 15-minute questions to all the speakers.

But the really important matters are discussed outside the meeting room. There is a year's news to catch up on. At the reception, in the comfortable mezzanine library of the Sheraton Plaza, and in the hospitality rooms, we drink in the details. The Ziebarths had a baby boy, Tasso, in December. Dennis Brennan has gone into business, and Bob Schuettinger is with the Heritage Foundation. Caroline Campaigne is expecting and looks radiant. Louis Dehmlow couldn't make it so there may be nobody around to advocate legalizing capitalism between consenting adults. Milton Friedman, prominently absent this year, has won some sort of award.

Even the literature spread everywhere on long tables tells tales. There are stacks from the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, the American Enterprise Institute, Green Hill, the Liberty Fund (with an attractive new series called Liberty Classics), the ACU Educational and Research Institute. An entrepreneur has set up a libertarian bookshop with more than a hundred titles; some sell out quickly.

After dinner Friday (April 15), Ephraim Sevala, expatriate Russian film-maker now living in Jerusalem, relates his experiences under the Soviets, his encounters with the KGB, his difficulties trying to finance in the West a film that documents Soviet ambitions and brutality. Sevala is a spellbinder. His warning: Today the Soviets are steel, the West is plastic.



After routine business is concluded at the members' meeting Saturday morning—Treasurer Ed Feulner sounds a little less desperate than usual—the Society votes to get a *very* handsome gift for Bill Buckley. I'll never tell. Except it's not the one that cost six thousand dollars.

Confucius Says

In the morning session Stephen Tonsor, taking the traditionalist conservative view, ably discusses "The Present State of the Conservative Movement in America." William F. Campbell, M. Stanton Evans, and George Nash are the panelists. The luncheon speaker, Robert Moss, editor of *The Economist*'s newsletter *Foreign Report* and an expert on Soviet expansionism in Africa, echoes Sevala's warnings about the lowered guard in the West. His remarks are wide-ranging—the British elections, Letelier, Angola—and effective. Outgoing President Henry Regnery speaks movingly of his tenure, and introduces the new president of the Society, John Ryan of Indianapolis.

The afternoon meetings feature Frank Shakespeare on "The Communications Explosion and the Struggle for the World," with Anthony Harrigan, William Schneider, and Leopold Tyrmand as discussants; and Russell Kirk upholding "The Necessity of Dogmas in Schooling," with Ernest van den Haag, John Davenport, and John Howard on the panel. The audience has no trouble choosing between the fire and the fire engine.

The meeting adjourns but will not end. Henry Regnery, quoting an Ezra Pound translation of Confucius, gave us a goal to remember:

> The men of old . . . wanting good government in their states, . . . first established order in their own families; wanting order in the home, they first disciplined themselves; desiring discipline, they rectified their hearts; and wanting to rectify their hearts, they sought precise verbal definitions of their inarticulate thoughts. □

Mr. Wheeler, a former senior editor at Arlington House, recently resigned his government job, having concluded that not even with the worst will in the world could he put much of a dent in the federal bureaucracy.

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Taxes & Choices

Econometrics and Politics

PAUL CRAIG ROBERTS

THE ONGOING debate over the proper amount and type of economic stimulus is heavily influenced by econometric models, which are used to simulate the effects on the economy of various policy alternatives such as tax rebates, tax rate reductions, and increases in government spending programs. These models all have one thing in common: the Keynesian emphasis on the primacy of spending. And once such models are accepted, their emphasis on demand sets the limits to the debate, regardless of the political persuasion of the participants.

The basic idea is that a government budget deficit leads to an increase in disposable income and, therefore, in consumer spending. The models assume that as long as there is unemployment or a growing labor force, output will rise to meet this additional demand. Thus, a deficit increases spending, which increases GNP and employment. The economic content of the models is captured by the oft-heard statement: "The reason people produce is that people buy." In this view, a tax rebate and a permanent reduction in the personal income tax rate would both affect the economy in the same way, by increasing disposable income and total spending on goods and services.

Now, everyone has heard of supply and demand except the builders of econometric models, who apparently have heard only of demand. As a result the models cannot take into account two additional reasons why people produce: for income and for profit. Since they cannot deal with the supply side of markets, they cannot show the impact that government policies have on these two powerful economic motives.

A correct model would show the relationships between quantities (and qualities) of productive inputs and their prices. However, the models upon which economic policy depends only relate numbers of people employed to levels of spending. Thus, the models show that both a tax rebate and a permanent reduction in the personal income tax rate would stimulate GNP and employment by stimulating spending. But they cannot show that the rate reduction also stimulates production by increasing the after-tax rewards for work and investment, whereas the rebate does not. Indeed, in the models, production increases only in response to increased spending.

Both Congress and the Executive Branch rely on the same models—those provided by Chase Econometrics, Data Resources Inc., and Wharton. The government is spending a small fortune on guidance from econometric models that exhibit only half of the picture. As we have seen, in simulating the effects on economic activity of changes in personal income tax rates, the models focus only on changes in disposable income and spending, and neglect the changes in relative prices. Yet, it is relative prices that influence the critical choices between income and leisure and between current consumption and future income.

As an illustration, consider the decision to produce. There are two uses of time—work and leisure. Each use has a price in terms of the other. The price of additional leisure is the amount of income that is forgone by not working, and it is influenced by the tax rates. The higher the tax rates, the smaller the amount of after-tax income that is forgone by enjoying additional leisure. In other words, the higher the tax rates, the lower the relative price of leisure. If the tax rates were 100 per cent, the relative price of leisure would be zero.

We often hear that a person works the first five months of the year for the government, and then he starts working for himself. But that is not the way it goes. The first part of the year the person works for himself. He begins working for the government only when his income reaches taxable levels. The more he earns, the more he works for the government, until the rising marginal rate of taxation discourages him from further work.

Take the case of a medical doctor who encounters the 50 per cent rate after six, eight, or ten months of work. He is faced with working another six, four, or two months for only 50 per cent of his earnings. Such a low after-tax return on their effort encourages doctors to share practices, to reduce their working hours, and to take longer vacations. The high tax rates thus shrink the tax base by discouraging doctors from earning additional amounts of taxable income. They also drive up the cost of medical care by reducing the supply of medical services. A tax reduction would raise the relative price of leisure and result in more taxable income's being earned and also

Mr. Roberts is economic counsel to Senator Orrin Hatch and adjunct professor of Economics at George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia.

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in a greater supply of medical services.

The effect of tax rates on the decision to earn additional taxable income is not limited to doctors, or to the top tax bracket; it operates across the spectrum of tax brackets. Studies by Martin Feldstein of Harvard show that the tax rates on the average worker practically eliminate the gap between his after-tax take-home pay and the level of untaxed unemployment compensation he could be receiving. In this case, a marginal tax rate of 30 per cent (including state and federal income and Social Security taxes) reduces the relative price of leisure so much that it has raised the measured rate of unemployment by 1.25 per cent and shrunk GNP and the tax base by the lost production of one million workers.

Now consider how tax rates affect decisions concerning the use of income. There are two uses of income—consumption and investment (saving)—and each use has a price in terms of the other. The price of additional current consumption is the amount of future income that is forgone by not investing, and it is influenced by the tax rates. The higher the tax rates, the smaller the amount of after-tax future income that is forgone by enjoying additional current consumption. Thus, the higher the tax rates, the lower the relative price of current consumption.

Take the case of an Englishman facing the 98 per cent marginal tax rate on investment income. He has the choice of investing $50,000 at a 17 per cent rate of return, which would bring him $8,500 per year before taxes, or purchasing a Roll-Royce. Since the after-tax value of that $8,500 investment income is only $170 per year, the price to him of additional consumption is very low. He can enjoy having a fine motor car for only $170 per year. This is why today so many Rolls-Royces are seen in England. They are mistaken for signs of prosperity, whereas in fact they are signs of high

Sailors can navigate by the Ptolemaic system, even though it is false

tax rates on investment income. The principle involved is most easily illustrated by extreme examples, but, as in the case of the decision to produce, it operates across the spectrum of tax rates.

A tax rate reduction would raise the price of current consumption relative to future income, and thus result in more investment. So a rate reduction not only increases disposable income and total spending, it also changes the composition of total spending toward more investment. Thus, labor productivity, employment, and real GNP are raised above the levels that would result from the same amount of total spending but with a higher current-consumption ratio. The change in relative prices, then, moves both consumption and investment to higher levels.

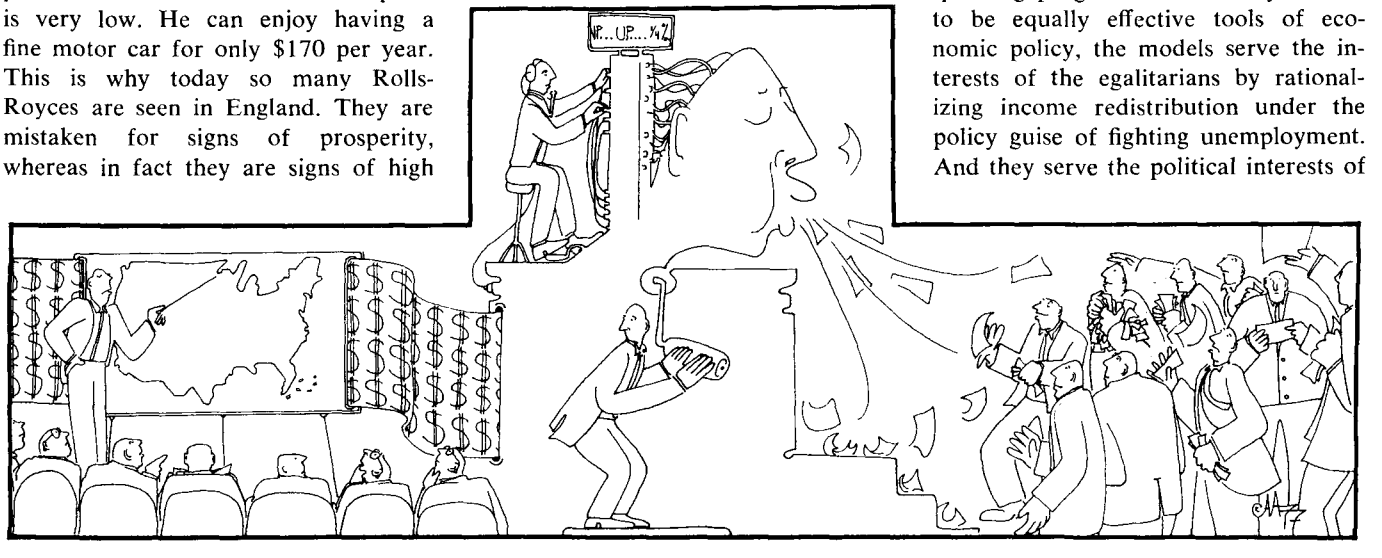
Since the econometric models pick up only one of the three ways in which a reduction in personal income tax rates works to increase GNP and employment, they grossly exaggerate the tax revenue losses which would result from cutting tax rates. The only feedback on the revenue base that they pick up is the expansion of output in response to an increase in buying; they do not pick up the expansion in output which results from the changes in relative prices.

In short, the econometric models fail to reveal that a permanent reduction in personal income tax rates produces incentives and stimulates spending, and will call forth a larger increase in real GNP and employment. The models do not make clear that, compared to a rebate of equal amount, a rate reduction will do more to expand the tax base and will pull in more tax revenue to offset the initial revenue loss. Thus, the models produce erroneous estimates which say that $\$X$ billion in tax rate reductions will add the same amount to the government's budget deficit as $\$X$ billion in per capita rebates.

This is not a full account of the defects of the reigning econometric models. Incredible as it may seem, two of the "big three" actually predict GNP declines if corporate tax rates are reduced (Chase is the exception). In the case of DRI, the explanation is that in the model investment does not depend on after-tax profits in a very strong way. However, the model does consider investment to be very sensitive to changes in interest rates. Interest rates go up when the government sells bonds to finance the deficit that has resulted from the corporate tax cut. As a result of the rise in interest rates, investment falls. Thus, in the DRI model a tax reduction that increases the profitability of investment reduces investment!

The reader is no doubt wondering why such defective models remain uncorrected and in such wide use. The answer may be that, although they are useless for economic policy simulation, they are very good for short-run forecasting. Sailors can navigate very well by the Ptolemaic system, even though it is false.

Moreover, by showing tax rate reductions, tax rebates, and government spending programs financed by deficits to be equally effective tools of economic policy, the models serve the interests of the egalitarians by rationalizing income redistribution under the policy guise of fighting unemployment. And they serve the political interests of



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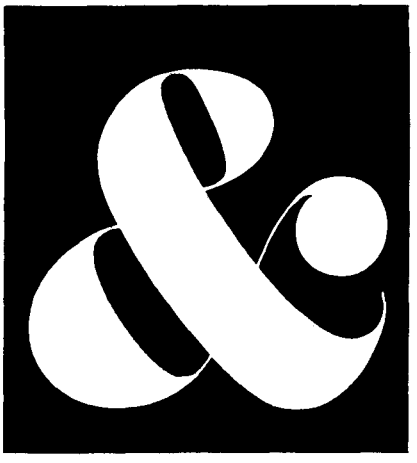
the Democratic Party by allowing it to build constituencies among recipients of the public spending that it could not finance by raising the statutory tax rates.

By showing that tax rate reductions produce the same deficits as are produced by spending more than we collect in revenues, the models leave the Republicans out in the political cold where they fight deficits and become the tax collectors for Democratic spending programs. But more importantly, until the supply side—which is where production actually takes place—gets plugged into the econometric models, employment opportunities and higher living standards for everyone will continue to be forgone. □



The Reluctant Exiles

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

A MERE feather's brush of personal experience can make a situation more vividly clear than a whole lorry-load of statistics. Everybody in Britain has heard about "tax exiles": pop singers, actors, playboys who live abroad to escape the confiscatory British tax system. But ordinary people, although many of them nowadays think vaguely that it would be nice to emigrate, don't often take seriously the possibility that they too might be forced to go abroad.

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s London correspondent.*

One young journalist, who happens to be a friend of mine, certainly didn't envisage it—until he suddenly found that he had to sell his home and leave Britain within a month. There really was no sensible alternative: and the experience has taught him—and me—something about the state of Britain, and the personal consequences of socialism, that we had previously known only in theory.

He is 29 years old, with a wife, one small child, and another on the way. He was living in a modest house on the outskirts of London and had been earning a reasonable income, enough for his daily needs but with no margin, after taxes of nearly 50 per cent, for saving. Then he had a stroke of luck. He was commissioned to write, by the end of this year, a book with worldwide news value. He is being paid an advance of $50,000. His accountant has told him that, if he stays in Britain, tax will remove all but about $16,000 of it. He may never earn so much money in one year again. He wants to accumulate some capital with which to educate his children and buy a larger house. Literally the only way he can hope to do so is to leave at once, and not set foot in Britain again for 12 months. Both he and his wife hate the idea of going, of abandoning their home, their friends, and their parents. But, if only for their children's sake, they feel they must.

It is a cruel dilemma, and will be even more cruel if one of their elderly parents should become dangerously ill within the year. Returning just for a day would cost them $34,000 and might mean the sacrifice of a child's schooling. That an innocent, unpretentious family should be put into such a position by a deliberate political act seems to me very wicked. But I've met no politician who is genuinely ashamed of it.

My friend's story could be matched a dozen times by anybody in Britain who really knows what's going on. One London bank has lost a third of its board members during the past two years; they have all emigrated. International companies find it almost impossible to persuade managerial staff who have been working abroad to return to Britain; even with a greatly increased salary, they would still lose money.

Other people are simply opting out internally, refusing to accept promotions which would require them to work longer hours or to relocate. With income tax rising, by a short, steep gradient, to 83 per cent (and, on investment income, to the incredible figure of 98 per cent), there is no adequate reward employers can offer.

When a Wolverhampton hospital advertised a training post in general surgery 12 years ago, there were 26 applicants, 25 of whom had qualified in British medical schools. The same post has just been advertised again. There were 21 applicants, from countries as far afield as India and the Sudan: but not one British doctor applied. Recent advertisements for a senior post in ophthalmology and for an ear, nose, and throat specialist brought similar results. Ambitious British doctors have been quietly emigrating: the unambitious no longer see any point in making the effort to acquire specialist qualifications.

An engineer at Rolls-Royce had found it paid him to switch to a job in the cleaning department

The rewards of knowledge and responsibility, even before taxes reduce them still further, have been leveled out more ruthlessly in Britain than in any other Western country (and far more than in the Soviet Union). In 1914, for example, a professor in a British university earned eight times the average industrial wage: he now earns twice the industrial wage, and the ratio is still falling.

It was reported, a few months ago, that an engineer at Rolls-Royce, with a first-class honors degree, had found it paid him to stop doing engineering work and take a job in the cleaning department of the same firm. The story attracted little attention, and no outcry; nobody was surprised.

Similarly, the Chemical Industries Association, after investigating the problem of differentials, reported one highly significant case history. "A director of a major subsidiary," the report said, "asked to take unpaid leave for a period in order to carry out certain repairs and improvements to his home. It would be cheaper to do the work himself (including the salary reduction resulting from unpaid leave and

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because of his level of taxation) than to pay others to do the job."

Again, personal experience drives the point home. When I first wrote an article for the *Daily Telegraph*, about twenty years ago, I was paid $75. When I wrote one the other day, I was paid $110. During the same period, the cost of the *Daily Telegraph* to me as a reader has gone up by more than ten times.

For retired people, and those on fixed incomes, life has become a daily nightmare. This is why Sir Winston Churchill's widow recently had to sell some much-loved pictures from her walls. Sir Winston thought he had made ample provision for her: but, in the 12 years since he died, investments and pension funds have withered under socialism, while prices have gone up nearly threefold, and prices on several items of particular importance to the elderly have risen still more sharply. Heating bills, for example, have more than doubled in the past two years. As her grandson said, Lady Churchill is only one of countless old people placed in difficulties or in misery by the economic evils which have befallen—or, rather, been inflicted upon—Britain.

Nor is it just professors and directors, journalists and Prime Ministers' widows, who are being squeezed in an iron clamp. The higher-paid trade unionists too are beginning to feel it. A combination of egalitarian "incomes policies" (negotiated between governments and trade union leaders, for political reasons) and continuing inflation (which is now touching 20 per cent again) has reduced the differential between skilled and unskilled men to almost nothing; and a man earning much less than the industrial average is now subject to a tax rate (including social security contributions) of 42 per cent.

In real terms almost everybody is worse off than he used to be two or three years ago

In real terms almost everybody in Britain is worse off than he used to be two or three years ago. Perhaps more surprising—because this is a figure which has been fudged for a long while—most people, contrary to the myth sedulously propagated by the politicians, are only marginally, if at all, better off in terms of purchasing power than they were in 1939. Almost all the extra wealth generated in the meanwhile has been hogged by government.

But the problem isn't just purchasing power. It is the atmosphere that penal taxation, egalitarian wage controls, union dominance, and a bureaucratic welfare state have produced. Success is punished, ambition devalued, effort rendered fruitless, while the idle and incompetent are lavishly cushioned—or so people believe, which, in its economic and social effect, amounts to much the same thing.

Even some members of the present Labor Government have seen the danger and would like to shift the balance a little: but, with the Marxists and other left-wingers breathing down their necks, they can never do more than tinker. Would the Conservatives do better? Mrs. Thatcher and the most intellectually vigorous of those around her certainly want to: but other senior Conservatives are frightened of the political implications. To make any real impact, the change—and the break from their own past policies—would have to be so great.

There is an underlying change of mood taking place in Britain now, but it may not be enough and it may be too late; which is why intelligent, ambitious Englishmen, like my young friend, Englishmen who love England, are still, very sadly, finding it prudent to leave. □

The Boy Who Would Be King

ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a little boy who wanted to be king of the United States. His parents admonished him for his greedy dream of monarchy and encouraged him to become a doctor. They told him that this would give him the power of life and death in addition to a comfortable standard of living. He, however, said he wanted this and more. Besides, he foresaw that malpractice and national health proposals would eventually limit the traditional role of the physician.

His pastor advised him that the ministry would give him the power to guide men's souls and make infinite judgments on the degrees of right and wrong. The young lad agreed that this option had merit; nevertheless, he refused to be subservient to a Supreme Being. Inwardly he knew that he desired to lead others not in the name of the Lord but in his own name.

His peers counseled him about the awesome notoriety and incomes of professional athletes. However, he quickly turned thumbs down to his chums' suggestions because of the fickleness of the public and because his salary would depend on competent and consistent performance.

His teachers, admiring his ambition while detesting his egocentric goals, extolled the office of President of the United States. They spoke in reverent terms of the prestige and singular dignity of the office. But he countered that the office could be a mere token position if the legislature was of the wrong political persuasion. He pointed out that television and press editorials in the guise of news could crucify him without fear of reprisal.

The young man thought to himself: What position is open where I can control all of the people all of the time? How can I dictate to medical personnel on when and how to perform their jobs? How can I make education in my own image? How can I make people join my pet organizations regardless of their individual beliefs? How can I tell religious organizations the proper way to conduct their schools, training, and services? How can I stifle the media? How can I determine who and what lives or dies? How can I thumb my nose at Presidents and the public with impunity? How can I establish my own staffs and salaries?

Being a perceptive youth, he quite soon discovered a route which would guarantee him a lifetime of all the power, influence, and freedom from criticism he desired. His decision would not only give him infallibility and the divine right of kings but also allow him to don regal robes so that others could be made to worship his heraldic attire. Today, the young would-be king is a federal judge.

—BILLY MACK SMITH

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Democracy, Good and Bad

HARRY V. JAFFA

My wise and learned friend Professor Gerhart Niemeyer has written an eloquent tract on the misguided notions of "freedom" that animate the soul of present-day "democracy." "If the people ceases to be composed of 'ruling beings,' who are kings over themselves," he writes [*NR*, Feb. 4], "the heart of democracy stops beating." To this, every lover of Plato, and of political freedom, must say Amen.

Yet Professor Niemeyer perpetuates a certain misunderstanding of the intention of the Founding Fathers when he says that they "looked on 'popular government' as anything but the best of all political forms," and when he adds that for James Madison the "main question . . . was how to counteract the manifest shortcomings of democracy."

It is sometimes said that the English and the Americans are two great peoples divided by a common language. In like manner, we are sometimes divided from our forebears by our failure to observe that the same words no longer have the same meanings. When *we* say "democracy," we usually mean thereby representative government. But when they said "democracy," they usually meant government by the people *in person*. And so we frequently—and, I fear, Professor Niemeyer in this case—confound their strictures against democracy with strictures against representative government, which *they* called republicanism. Hence Madison, in the 14th *Federalist*, speaks of the error of the

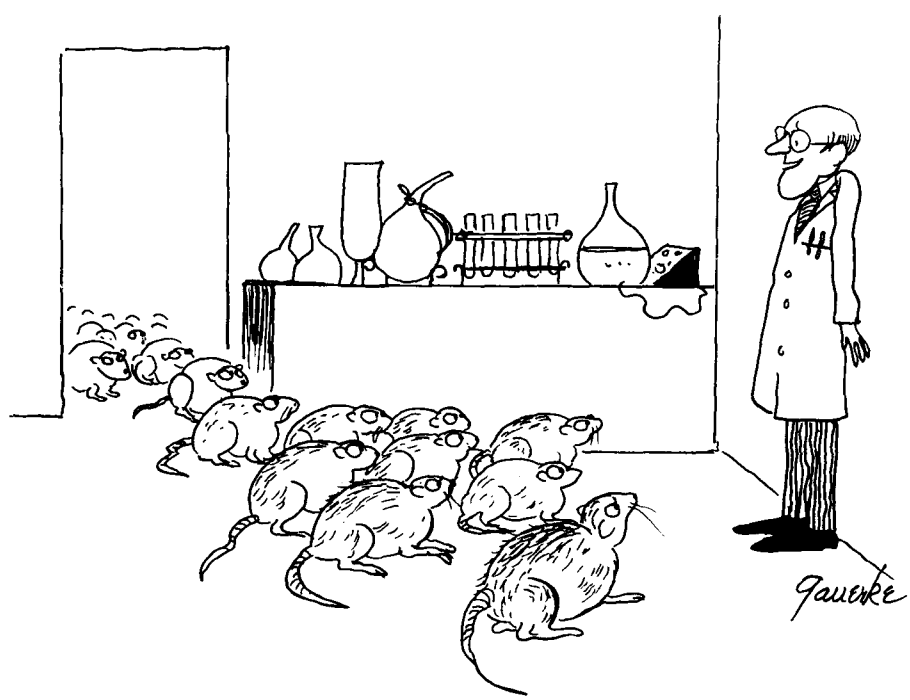
> confounding of a republic with a democracy, applying to the former reasonings drawn from the nature of the latter. The true distinction between these forms . . . is, that in a democracy the people meet and exercise the government in person; in a republic, they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. A democracy consequently, will be confined to a small spot. A republic may be extended over a large region.

Madison's strictures against "popular governments" apply, in fact, only to those which are also "democracies" (sometimes called "pure" democracies). He certainly did not expect them to apply to republics, or at least not to that properly constructed republic which he thought would result from the adoption of the new Constitution. So when Professor Niemeyer writes that Madison "knew the historical record" and therefore knew "that democratic regimes—in ancient Greece, in Renaissance Italy—had been turbulent, volatile, faction-ridden," we must bear in mind that it is not popular representative government that Madison had in mind, but government by the people "in person."

I would hasten to add that I agree with Professor Niemeyer on this important point: many of the strictures that *should* apply only to democracy in Madison's pejorative sense do in fact apply today to our present regime. We have bred up generations that know not Moses or the Prophets, and have forgotten (or, more accurately, have never learned) what the Founders taught. In the Progressive era, the idea gained currency that representative government, instead of being an improvement over direct democracy, was merely an inferior substitute for it. And so the many experiments with initiative, referendum, recall, and the direct primary. More recently we have heard of "participatory democracy," although those who are most passionate in its advocacy are usually most vague about what it is. Even more distressing is the popularity of civil disobedience based on the assumption that laws to which we have not "consented" in person are not fully obligatory.

Certainly Professor Niemeyer and I agree thoroughly that an antidote to such follies is to be found in the reflections of the Founding Fathers. But these reflections are not merely sobering; properly understood, they appeal equally to the idealism which it is mistakenly believed must be found in a "purer" democracy. For the republicanism—the democracy, rightly understood—of James Madison appealed as much as any revolutionary thought, then or since, to "that honorable determination which animates every votary of freedom, to rest all our political experiments on the capacity of mankind for self-government." □

Mr. Jaffa teaches at Claremont Men's College in California.



"Okay, let's compromise. How about 400 bottles of Tab a day?"

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IMAGE REVISIONISM

Unlikely Hero, Guaranteed Villain

GEORGE M. YOUNG JR.

HAVE YOU BEEN to your local cinema lately? If you go, as I did last dollar night, looking for "entertainment," you may hear, just as the lights go down, a very smooth voice, with just a touch of pain in it, asking: "What would you think of a country in which the best writers were not allowed to write, the best actors not allowed to act, and the best comedians not allowed to make the people laugh?" Short pause. "It happened. The country was America. The year was 1953."

And before you can ask that very smooth voice with just a touch of pain in it to hold on a minute, before you can ask which "best" writers weren't allowed to write, before you can begin to recall what Hemingway, Faulkner, James Agee, Wallace Stevens, William Carlos Williams, Robert Frost, and even Ezra Pound were busy turning out in just that year, the face of one of America's "best" writers appears on the screen: it's Woody Allen, starring as "America's Most Unlikely Hero," in *The Front*, a movie about America's Solzhenitsyns, those great writers who were "innocent victims" of the cruel McCarthy era. And this is just a preview. If you then go, as I did, to see *Marathon Man*, which reviewers are calling the greatest thriller in years, then your re-education has really begun.

A Nazi and a Dentist

For *Marathon Man* is essentially a huffing, puffing liberal morality play that tries to disguise itself as a genuine thriller, apparently with the hope of selling a particular idea to viewers who might not otherwise have considered it. "Babe" Levy (that's right, fans, there's a new "Babe" to cheer for), the hero of *Marathon Man*, is a new ideal for liberal America, a young Messiah who has come to restore our faith in humanity in the midst of vicious, troubled times, a hero that all America can take to heart. He's the lovable underdog just straining his heart out to catch that heartless blond behemoth who laughed when he passed our game little battler on the Central Park jogging track. And when we see him come into some hoity-toity restaurant in an old shirt with the top button missing and watch that stuffy waiter make him put on a phony necktie, we just know that this kid is our kind of guy.

But not only is he an All-American jock, he's a special kind of All-American jock: he's a real scholar as well—you wouldn't believe the quotes this kid can recognize! And he knows not only names—he knows the dates, too! In fact, he's just like his father, the most brilliant historian in America until—yes, his father was *the* Levy, the innocent victim who shot himself during the cruel McCarthy era. (Several flashbacks of happy children running through the grass, and of the good father obviously loving his children. And then the body on the floor. The gun.)

And not only does Babe have the most brilliant mind seen at Columbia since his father's time, he also happens to be putting that mind to the noblest of purposes, for his dissertation topic is "The Use of Tyranny in American Political Life" (you know, Athens under Pisistratus, Germany under Hitler, Russia under Stalin, America under Eisenhower). But where Levy the father failed because he was only a brilliant, virtuous, innocent intellectual, Levy the son eventually triumphs because he is all that *and* a man of action. But first he must be persecuted; that's how America is: look at the Kennedy brothers, look at Martin Luther King. As soon as a really good guy comes on the scene, *they* are going to get him.

So, enter one of the two or three most vicious Nazis still alive and at large. Christian Szell not only lives in a hideout in the jungles of South America, not only shaves his head (as they all do), and not only was director of a special section of Auschwitz (as they all were)—not only is he everything a really vicious Nazi should be, he's a dentist as well!

The ethnic lineup is almost perfect. Most of the good guys are Jews. Some street-wise Puerto Rican youths at first persecute our hero with verbal abuse, but at a crucial moment realize that he is also one of the oppressed and help him against *them* by burglarizing his apartment in order to fetch his gun (no, Babe isn't the kind who would normally keep a gun in his drawer, but this is different, he keeps The Gun that killed his father and that now is going to be pointed at *them*). The hero's hero, meanwhile, is a great long-distance runner, a black, whose picture keeps appearing whenever our hero needs inspiration to keep running. In the book, the hero's hero was Paavo Nurmi, the legendary "Flying Finn"; but the makers of the movie, in a bold demonstration of affirmative action, gave the job of being the symbol of heart and guts for the long haul (the Finns called

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it *sisu*) to an equally qualified and more "now" and "with-it" candidate. The only one missing from a perfect good-guy lineup is an American Indian, perhaps one with a single tear in his eye, gazing out at the polluted Hudson. And if all the good guys are "ethnics" in sweatshirts and turtlenecks, all the baddies are WASP-German-CIA-Nazi types in coat and tie.

But just to prove that the universe isn't black and white, we have two "mixed" types: "Doc," Babe's brother, tries to play the Establishment game (coat and tie, fancy restaurants, CIA) but can't really because he is Who He Is (one of the good guys); he is stabbed by the enemy so that he can die in Babe's arms. The other mixed type is an I-want-to-be-good-but-can't girl who at first pretends that she's Swiss (fully neutral) but who is actually a German sent by *them* as bait for Babe.

Selective Revisionism

If someone were to remake this movie, simply reversing the good-guy and bad-guy labels, it would be denounced as "racist." And if it were just a matter of a couple of movies, or a couple of magazine articles, or a book or two, or a television special now and then, I, and people like me who don't enjoy making big uproars over little things, would not be pounding typewriters in protest. But what is driving me, and I think not only me, to make what every good liberal must consider to be terribly reactionary noises is the consistency and smugness with which the people who provide most of what we read and watch have been promoting what might be called "selective revisionism."

All at once, from all sides, we are being told that old political criminals of one kind must now be regarded as America's greatest heroes—while, at the same time, old political criminals of another kind are to be reinstated as America's greatest enemies and villains. On the one hand we are supposed to see that the Rosenbergs could not have been atomic spies because they were such warm, loving parents, such wonderful friends and idealistic Americans. On the other hand, we are repeatedly reminded that a bishop of an American church, a retired carpenter, and maybe other apparently decent citizens are not really what they seem, but are instead disguised Gestapo butchers. Rehumanize the one, dehumanize the other. Hire Robert Redford, Barbra Streisand, Woody Allen, Dustin Hoffman, and Zero Mostel to show "the way *we* were"—and rerun the Auschwitz documentaries to show the way *they* were.

Them against Us

Like advertisements that try to sell you a product by associating it with everything glamorous while saying as little as possible about the product itself, the selective revisionists don't waste time arguing the facts but spare nothing to change the images. We're simply told that in the case of one kind of allegation we must automatically assume that the accused was framed, and that in the case of another kind of allegation we must automatically assume that the accused is guilty. The 1975 book *We Are Your Sons*, for instance, written by the sons of the Rosenbergs, does not even pretend to offer fresh evidence that would establish the innocence of the convicted spies, but instead simply tries to show what loving parents Julius and Ethel were, and presents rather shrill arguments to the effect that if *they* lied to us about Vietnam and Watergate, then it's likely that *they* also lied to us about two Americans whose only crime was to be too bright, too beautiful, and too good for a dull, ugly, and evil society. It's the idea of *them* against *us* that all these books, films, television specials, and magazine articles are trying to promote. *They* are the victimizers, *we* are the victims.

This view of the world has always been popular among a small group of Americans. But now it is being promoted coast to coast as the only acceptable view of America. The old McCarthyism is condemned, in order to give way to a new McCarthyism. The heroes of the Old Left are now to be all America's ("most unlikely" indeed) heroes. And the enemies who have never been forgotten by the Old Left, but who have long passed out of the everyday thoughts of the great majority of Americans, are now to be re-accused of all the old crimes against "humanity" and are to be extradited to face "justice" in the countries they came from (which countries, in the most prominent cases being argued now, have since been conveniently pushed behind the Iron Curtain). And the way that the old heroes and villains of some are to become the heroes and villains of all is not by a fresh presentation of all the facts but by a massive campaign to associate the old heroes with every good thing, and the old villains with everything Americans are sure to dislike (such as going to the dentist).

We are Jack Kennedy, the struggle for civil rights, ethnics, warmth, informality, freedom, jogging, happy smiles, noble purpose, clean air, scrappy little fellas telling the bigwigs to stuff their questions up some appropriate orifice; *they* are Nazis, coats and ties, concentration camps, WASP stuffiness, CIA murderers, big business types, calculation, big machines. The idea is to get everybody to see himself as a victim, the better to react against the victimizers. And if, because of ethnic background, sex, or income, one can't very easily qualify as a victim, one can still get the vicarious thrill of being persecuted by *them* simply by going to a movie like *Marathon Man*. □

Lass's Lib

She's all his fancy painted her,
Sweet Alice in her Land.
If he were there as voyageur,
Would Einstein understand?

Could Galileo ever cope
With arbitrary space:
With time the Hatter madly spoke,
Or smiles without a face?

Such curios as Alice met
On royal croquet grounds
Could cause Aquinas to forget
And call God out-of-bounds.

The Duchess would give Kant a turn,
The Knave of Hearts plague Plato,
Mock Turtle puns make purists burn,
As Carthage did to Cato.

A nursing babe that turns to pig,
A Dodo with a story,
Would cause a consternation big
In Darwin's laboratory.

And yet we read through each morass
How Alice keeps her poise:
Now could it be that little lass
Is tougher than the boys?

—JOHANNES EFF

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Carrillo in Sheep's Clothing

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

IF THERE WAS anyone so optimistic as to expect the much-heralded Madrid summit meeting of Eurocommunist leaders to be a real turning point in the history of Communism, he must have been cruelly disappointed. Instead of a break with Moscow and a condemnation of the totalitarian methods used against Iron Curtain dissenters, all we got were some vague explanations and qualifications. Of course, the true aim of the meeting was to present the Spanish Communist Party as an ordinary, democratic party willing to play the game of parliamentarianism. Señor Santiago Carrillo even expressed his gratitude to the Spanish government for allowing the meeting to take place. He obviously wanted to appear as a civilized *caballero*; and whether or not the Spanish government believes that he is one, it did legalize his party five weeks later.

But is Comrade-Señor Santiago Carrillo a civilized *caballero*? Not if we go by his record. Until a few months ago he was best known for his activities in 1936. Carrillo was, at that time, de facto Minister of the Interior in the Republican (i.e., Left-dominated) government. When the fighting started in July, the problem arose of what to do with the "counterrevolutionists" the government was holding in its jails, so as to prevent the Nationalists from liberating them. It became Santiago Carrillo's task to transfer them to points further east. One transport after another left Madrid, but none got any farther than Paracuellos, ten miles away, where every one of the prisoners was murdered. These transports to a Better World continued until December. When asked about it nowadays, Carrillo insists that he never gave the orders for this dress-rehearsal for Katyn. And none of the "counterrevolutionists" is here to contradict him.

But can his actions be taken as reflecting on Eurocommunism as a whole? Eurocommunism came upon the scene at the same time as the increased unrest among Iron Curtain intellectuals and artists—men who, for the most part, are disillusioned Communists. Are the Eurocommunists, like them, disillusioned with the road Communism has followed? Are they truly dreaming of Marxism with a Human Face? And if they are, does their dream have a chance of coming true? In other words, are the Eurocommunists fooling themselves, us, or perhaps Moscow?

ONE QUESTION that it may prove useful to ask is this: Are there rational grounds for believing that a pluralistic, humane, libertarian Communism which respects the individual could be brought into being? And could it be realized within Western Communism without causing a real rift with Moscow? This is both a philosophical and an ideological problem. Of course, there are people who do not believe in the divinity of Christ, His Resurrection, or a life everlasting, and who yet call themselves Christians. There are also people who deny the principles of equality, free elections, and majority rule, and who yet call themselves democrats—e.g., the rulers of East Germany, Vietnam, and North Korea. In other words, it would be entirely possible psychologically for someone calling himself a Communist to believe in a pluralistic, non-totalitarian society. But it is not likely that any who espoused such a notion of society could avoid being repudiated and anathematized by the Kremlin. Now, if anathema is not pronounced, there almost certainly is some sort of collusion going on.

However, let us hypothesize that some, many, or even all the Eurocommunist Parties actually became independent of Moscow; what would these Parties then stand *for*? The only road open to the slightly bleached Eurocommunists would be to form new quasi-Marxist socialist parties in addition to the ones that already exist. Either they would thus cease to satisfy an existing constituency, or, of course, they might attract voters away from the present socialist parties; thus the old-line socialists would be the big losers. And in some countries, this would make a real difference: look at Germany, where there is now an authentic right-wing Social Democratic Party; I could well imagine Willy Brandt and Herbert Wehner as Eurocommunists, but not Helmut Schmidt.

This sort of reflection has caused a growing mutual suspicion among the various members of the Marxist camp. At the moment, no one quite trusts anyone else. (The contempt of the Communist Party of the USSR for all other Communist Parties has always been supreme, even as it was doling them out their regular subsidy.) The Social Democrats would do well to remember some words Lenin wrote in 1920. After musing over his exile in the West and his impressions of the intelligence of his hosts, the "useful idiots," Lenin says in a memorandum:

> The Revolution never develops in a straight line by uninterrupted growth, but by spurts and withdrawals, attacks and intermissions, during which the Revolution grows stronger and prepares for final victory. Thus it is necessary to engage in certain maneuvers in order to accelerate our victory over the capitalist countries. It is also necessary to enter into diplomatic relations with them on the basis of total mutual non-interference. They are going to believe us, they will be happy and open their gates wide, and through them the delegates of the Comintern and the Party information services will make their entry, masked as diplomatic, cultural, and trade representatives. To speak the truth is a bourgeois prejudice. A lie, on the other hand, is often justified by the ends. The capitalists will give us credits which we will use in order to support the Communist Parties in their countries. They will provide us with matériel and with their technology, which we need, and thus strengthen our war industry which is built up for our coming victorious aggression against our purveyors. In other words, they will work hard to prepare their suicide.

Being useful idiots, we naturally do not like to recall these candid words. An Austrian wit once remarked that whereas the nineteenth was the century of illusion, the twentieth is the century of the organized lie—one of the many factors that must be envisaged in evaluating the sincerity of the Eurocommunists. □

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Common Sense

Days and Works

GERHART NIEMEYER

We often speak of the estrangement of intellectuals from the rest of the people. French perception found a name for it fifty years ago in the title of Julien Benda's book *La Trahison des clercs*: the treason of the intellectuals. A catchy phrase, that, but what does it mean? Nobody would say that, merely by being intellectual, people betray their country. Yet the use of the word "treason" is neither frivolous nor malicious; the smoke indicates the presence of some fire. So what public faith *do* modern intellectuals break? What allegiance *do* they violate?

In the Fifties, Margret Boveri, a German journalist, published *Treason in the Twentieth Century*, a four-volume encyclopedic treatment of the prevailing multiplicity of conflicting, shifting, confused, misplaced, and contorted allegiances. The author concluded that in our age of ideology the concept of treason had just about lost any intelligible meaning. This conclusion had a certain plausibility, but what it amounted to was a verdict by default, an intellectual *nolo contendere*. Only the defendants' plea—the plea of confusion—was presented; no opposing plea was even envisioned, nor has it been since, except in certain scholarly works. But the question continues to nag at us: Is there, in the case of *The People* v. *the Intellectuals*, a possible plea for the prosecution?

Such a plea would have to set up reason as the stuff of political reality, in the light of which unreality would stand judged. That kind of notion—not to be misunderstood as an Hegelianism—runs into social obstacles today, the original experience and meaning of reason having been buried under much ideological rubble. All the same, in many countries there still exists a social sediment of reason, in the form of "common sense, the first-born of reason," to use the words of Thomas Reid, Adam Smith's successor in the chair of moral philosophy at Glasgow.

The term "common sense" is unambiguous and everywhere understood. What is not widely understood is its standing in the reality of reason. This is the crux of Reid's philosophy of common sense, of which he says: "it coincides with reason in its whole extent, and is only another name for one branch or one degree of reason." Why, then, a particular name for it? Says Reid: "because in the greatest part of mankind, no other degree is to be found. It is this degree that entitles them to the denomination of reasonable creatures. It is this degree of reason, and this only, that makes a man capable of managing his own affairs, and answerable for his conduct toward others." In other words, "common sense should mean common judgment, and so it really does"; it thus constitutes the political common bond that creates an obligation of loyalty. Burke's name for it was "prejudices," by which he meant the judgments already formed and ready to hand, in the name of prescription.

A more recent vindication of common sense comes from the French philosopher Henri Bergson, who also points to the way in which our language recognizes this distinction between "the *senses*, which inform us about things, and *common sense*, which bears on our intercourse with people." Bergson, who wrote in our century, immediately goes on to comment on the intellectuals' loss of common sense: "We cannot help observing that a man may be a first-rate mathematician, or an expert physicist, or a subtle psychologist, as far as self-analysis goes, and yet completely misunderstand the actions of other men, miscalculate his own, and perpetually fail to adapt himself to his surroundings—be, in a word, lacking in common sense"; whereas common sense, or, "as it might be called, social sense, is innate in normal man, like the faculty of speech."

Bergson points in the right direction here, but even he does not go far enough: all he is describing is the stereotypical professor who has literally thought himself out of this world, and such isolated cases would not warrant Benda's charge that intellectuals as a group are treasonous. Treason is a breach of loyalty toward persons—in this case, those with whom we have in common the sanity of common sense. That betrayal has in our time taken the form of the will to devalue and forget all the knowledge about human relations accumulated in centuries of living. There is an illusion that "once these values are gone" one can proceed to "create new values" *ad libitum*.

It is the millions of college-trained but less-than-educated people sitting in metropolitan offices these days—not the specialized but absent-minded professors—who are guilty of this treason. They have discarded that sediment of reason which would have enabled them, even if not especially wise in their own right, to hit the correct decision without reflection. Cutting themselves adrift, alone with their subjectivity, they are now compelled to spend every day figuring out how to be "emancipated," "relevant," "happy"—always with the assumption that, but for their individual figuring, everything would be permitted, and neither good nor evil real.

In their incessant endeavor one answer, and one only, is excluded. It is the answer of common sense. What excludes it is precisely the nature of their starting point, which is treason. In their hearts they have begun by dethroning whatever they grew up acknowledging as authoritative and binding. Hence, as they constantly torture themselves with new questions about their "identity," the only answers they will consider come in the form of strange, new, unheard-of, exotic idea systems.

Man craves meaning for his life and guidance for his actions. Society, with its roots in the past of many centuries, provided both in the form of common sense. As the sediment of reason, it is the witness of political reality. The strange, new, unheard-of, exotic idea systems are unreal. Most of them are discarded as quickly as they were adopted. All of them bear the mark of intellectual willfulness rather than reason. But people still cling to them, even where they are not truly persuaded. For it is the system as such rather than its "truth" that satisfies their emptiness. Thus there emerge those misplaced allegiances that can bring forth deeds of surpassing strangeness and falseness. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Walker Percy: Not Just Whistling Dixie

RICHARD FORD

FROM A WRITERLY point of view, I'd rather read a sentence written by Walker Percy than a sentence written by anybody else I can think of. Percy, to my mind, is the best sentence-writer around. What he sees and hears and smells in the world, he transmits to his page more accurately and more eloquently, with more variety and nuance of rhythm and word and meaning, than anyone I know. He is captivated by the sound of words, their feel and weight in the mind's silent mouth. He is the master of graceful syntax and, even more impressively, he is the sponsor of verbs. Surely any young writer interested in his verbs should sit down and read Walker Percy, stand up, then sit down and read it all again.

Tom More, the psychiatrist hero of *Love in the Ruins*, a lonely metaphysician and descendant of *the* Thomas More, shares a drink of whisky with a retired Army colonel while they are pinned down together by armed Bantus determined to take over the suburbs of New Orleans.

> The Colonel knocks back a fair portion of my pint, chases it with Seven-Up, sighs. Presently he takes my arm, cheek gone dusky with emotion. One eye drifts out.
>
> "Doc, what is the one thing you treasure above all else?"
>
> "Well—" I say, taking time to fix my own drink.
>
> "I'll tell you what I cherish, Doc."
>
> "All right," I say, taking a drink and feeling the good hot bosky bite of the bourbon.
>
> "The Southern womanhood right here in Paradise. Right?"
>
> "Yes," I reply, even though 90 per cent of the women in Paradise are from the Midwest.

Percy narrators are all exponents of this fine, double-edged irony. They are bright, hands-in-the-pocket reflective fellows with good table manners, through whom Percy invites us to know the small thrills and picayunish wantonnesses that pass us to the truest, most desperate heart in everyone—program-spindling conventioneers, arm-squeezing proctologists, honeymooners, North Shore glass salesmen, trusted family retainers, everybody we know. And always in the most gracefully deft sentences, which manage somehow to challenge and surprise, yet invite the reader forward and please him, and accomplish in a subtle way what great literature would always do if it could: reinvent language moment to moment.

Beginning with *The Moviegoer*, a splendid and lyrical book that won the National Book Award in 1962, Percy has been writing novels sustained by such utterance and by good-hearted, serious intelligence; novels set in the south yet which point us convincingly toward the rest of the country, watching through the eyes of lonely, wondering narrators stranded in the contemporary and slightly ludicrous malaise between orthodoxy (the Catholic Church, the stock market, the family, the south) and complete culturization; men and women stuck between transcendence and immanence, between engagement and cynicism; folks out of phase with what one of Percy's characters calls the "actuality of themselves."

THE MOVIEGOER impresses me these days as the book in which we can watch the rough traverse from the Fifties to the Sixties, from desperate reliance on everything institutional, to a generation's attempt to negate institutions through a preoccupation with personality, glibness, cynicism, and the glut of culture itself. At the conclusion of the novel, Jack Bolling is back in New Orleans, utterly unable to cut himself loose from his family, his past, and his satisfying complacency toward solid business virtues. He agrees, instead, to become husband and full-time physician to a woman (his cousin) who has been undone by an unsuccessful rebellion against orthodoxy and by the personal abstraction that follows.

And in a sense you could say that in the novels that followed—*The Last Gentleman* (1966) and *Love in the Ruins* (1971)—Percy kept seeing the same things: men and women mightily out of touch with their frail actualities and searching for a way out of the attendant despair. As the Sixties went along, he found the perceived world increasingly fractured and difficult to understand, and less a

This is the second in a series of essays which will be appearing quarterly in "Books, Arts, & Manners."

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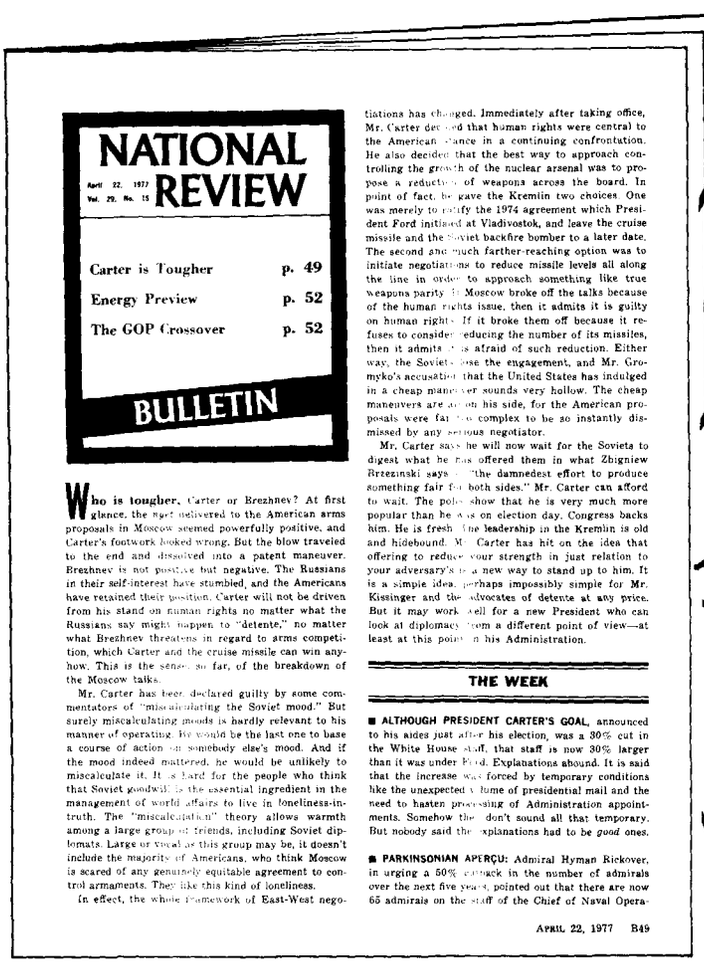

NATIONAL REVIEW

April 22, 1977 Vol. 29, No. 15

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BULLETIN

Who is tougher, Carter or Brezhnev? At first glance, the new delivered to the American arms proposals in Moscow seemed powerfully positive, and Carter's footwork looked wrong. But the blow traveled to the end and dissolved into a patent maneuver. Brezhnev is not positive but negative. The Russians in their self-interest have stumbled, and the Americans have retained their position. Carter will not be driven from his stand on human rights no matter what the Russians say might happen to "detente," no matter what Brezhnev threatens in regard to arms competition, which Carter and the cruise missile can win anyhow. This is the sense so far, of the breakdown of the Moscow talks.

Mr. Carter has been declared guilty by some commentators of "miscalculating the Soviet mood." But surely miscalculating moods is hardly relevant to his manner of operating. He would be the last one to base a course of action on somebody else's mood. And if the mood indeed mattered, he would be unlikely to miscalculate it. It is hard for the people who think that Soviet goodwill is the essential ingredient in the management of world affairs to live in loneliness-in-truth. The "miscalculation" theory allows warmth among a large group of friends, including Soviet diplomats. Large or vocal as this group may be, it doesn't include the majority of Americans, who think Moscow is scared of any genuinely equitable agreement to control armaments. They like this kind of loneliness.

In effect, the whole framework of East-West negotiations has changed. Immediately after taking office, Mr. Carter decided that human rights were central to the American stance in a continuing confrontation. He also decided that the best way to approach controlling the growth of the nuclear arsenal was to propose a reduction of weapons across the board. In point of fact, he gave the Kremlin two choices. One was merely to ratify the 1974 agreement which President Ford initialed at Vladivostok, and leave the cruise missile and the Soviet backfire bomber to a later date. The second and much farther-reaching option was to initiate negotiations to reduce missile levels all along the line in order to approach something like true weapons parity. If Moscow broke off the talks because of the human rights issue, then it admits it is guilty on human rights. If it broke them off because it refuses to consider reducing the number of its missiles, then it admits it is afraid of such reduction. Either way, the Soviets lose the engagement, and Mr. Gromyko's accusation that the United States has indulged in a cheap maneuver sounds very hollow. The cheap maneuvers are all on his side, for the American proposals were far too complex to be so instantly dismissed by any serious negotiator.

Mr. Carter says he will now wait for the Soviets to digest what he has offered them in what Zbigniew Brzezinski says is "the damnedest effort to produce something fair for both sides." Mr. Carter can afford to wait. The polls show that he is very much more popular than he was on election day. Congress backs him. He is fresh. The leadership in the Kremlin is old and hidebound. Mr. Carter has hit on the idea that offering to reduce your strength in just relation to your adversary's is a new way to stand up to him. It is a simple idea, perhaps impossibly simple for Mr. Kissinger and the advocates of detente at any price. But it may work well for a new President who can look at diplomacy from a different point of view—at least at this point in his Administration.

THE WEEK

■ **ALTHOUGH PRESIDENT CARTER'S GOAL,** announced to his aides just after his election, was a 30% cut in the White House staff, that staff is now 30% larger than it was under Ford. Explanations abound. It is said that the increase was forced by temporary conditions like the unexpected volume of presidential mail and the need to hasten processing of Administration appointments. Somehow they don't sound all that temporary. But nobody said the explanations had to be *good* ones.

■ **PARKINSONIAN APERÇU:** Admiral Hyman Rickover, in urging a 50% cutback in the number of admirals over the next five years, pointed out that there are now 65 admirals on the staff of the Chief of Naval Opera-

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A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

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IMPORTANT

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familiar place in which to set his people down. And now, having got to *Lancelot* (1977), he seems to have sensed that the world may be a place he cannot tell us about any more.

The Last Gentleman is a big, loosely pinned, and overlong picaresque, set in New York City and various locales west of Georgia, having chiefly to do with a bright young man in the heat of doing what bright young men in picaresques apparently have to do: wander through the book's territories clearing up obstreperous matters of personal past and somehow get started on an uncertain future. Except in this case, it's the picar's (Will Barrett's) past that's uncertain, having been blotted out by amnesia, and the future that's clear: marry the girl, accept a partnership in the in-laws' Chevrolet business, set up in some elephantine, ranch-style home a pitch shot off the 17th fairway, and spend all day patting people on the back. All of which seems a little odd to a smart, high-principled Mississippi boy whose family wasn't in trade to start with, and who's spent enough time at Princeton to get the idea that selling Chevrolets may not be the only solution for a whopping case of *Angst* and ontological memory lapse. Except that it is; in this book, anyway.

Barrett moves through the book's several episodes and numerous locations accompanied by two people who appear to be his doubles, and by one who will certainly be his wife. The first of his companions is a terminally ill and brilliant lad named Jamie Vaught who is as physically ill-suited for life as Barrett seems to be spiritually ill-suited, but who passes out good advice and good vibes throughout the book and, before he dies, makes everybody feel better. Barrett's other companion, aside from his bride-to-be—a peach of a girl whose father gives away a lot of money—is Sutter Vaught, a churlish young physician/metaphysician and brother to the two aforementioned, who has lately been removed from medical practice for unorthodox techniques, and who keeps a journal the wisdom of which eventually helps shake Barrett out of his amnesia/abstraction fugues and set him on the road to selling Bel Airs.

But not before a bookful of meandering. Sutter's own philosophical wanderings, reported directly from his journal, led him to an unsuccessful suicide attempt, when he couldn't figure out how to leap from abstraction (an interest in pure science) back to immersion in the everydayness of things (a late-night delectation of "lewd love") without contracting a whopping depression. However, as Barrett stands in the New Mexico desert at the end of the novel, having wandered around half the continent trying to remember what he's forgotten and simultaneously get a fix on his life, he thinks not about what a drudgery and invitation to annihilation life is, but about what a "locus of pure possibility" it offers: "What a man can be the next minute bears no relation to what he is or what he was the minute before." He takes leave to do what he wants with his life, beholden only to himself and to an apparently kindly universe; and before long the veil of amnesia draws away, abstraction dissipates into the desert, Sutter is persuaded from yet another suicide try, and Barrett, for all of life and love, heads back to Valdosta to sell Chevrolets.

ALREADY, WE have seen a good deal of Percy's continuing obsession with doctors. Doctors, or men about to become doctors, turn up as central figures in all his novels, mostly as people we like (Jack Bolling, Tom More), sometimes as people we are willing to try to respect (Sutter Vaught), but always as people we are forced in one way or another to listen to. Percy himself, as everyone who cares must know by now, is a non-practicing MD (that story's too long to tell), and is ostensibly an authority on the offices and valences of the profession. And while I don't wish to make extravagant claims for all the medics running around in these books, such as that Percy inserts some replica of himself into each book as testimony to its pertinence to the life of the author, there *are* a couple of less expensive credits to give.

One of these is simply that the descriptions and the verbal imagery overall seem enriched by what Percy knows about the human shape and its communicating parts. ("Her face is tilted back, the bones under her cheeks winged and wide as if the sculptor had spread out the alar ridges with two sure thumb thrusts.") The other credit is slightly more complicated. I cannot help sensing that Percy believes that humanity, hurtling as it seems to be toward the apocalypse,

RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE MAY TITLES: The French columnist Jean-François Revel, author of the notorious *Without Marx or Jesus* (1971), has written a new book which is scheduled for publication in the U.S. this month. It is *The Totalitarian Temptation* (Doubleday, $8.95), translated by David Hapgood. Here Revel argues that the "pidgin" Marxists ignore utterly the fact that the threat to global order is not capitalism but Communism. . . . *Prussian Nights* (Farrar, $8.95), written by Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and translated by Robert Conquest, is a narrative poem describing Solzhenitsyn's experiences as a battery commander in the Soviet army's drive to the Baltic in 1945. Solzhenitsyn, who was sent to a Soviet labor camp shortly after this operation, composed the work in his head. . . . In *The Japanese* (Belknap Press—Harvard, $15), Edwin O. Reischauer studies contemporary Japan. . . . Burton Bernstein, author of an excellent biography of James Thurber, has compiled a collection of "casuals" entitled *Look Ma, I Am Kool!* (Prentice-Hall, $8.95). These casuals—the term is derived, of course, from *The New Yorker*—are by such people as Woody Allen, Donald Barthelme, John Updike, Michael Arlen, and Calvin Trillin. . . . In *The Unmaking of a President: Lyndon Johnson and Vietnam* (Princeton, $16.50), Herbert Y. Schandler, a defense specialist at the Library of Congress, describes the high-level processes that led to the dismantling of the Vietnam War and of the Johnson Presidency. . . . Samuel Hynes, who wrote a fine study called *The Edwardians*, has completed a new work entitled *The Auden Generation: Literature and Politics in England in the 1930s* (Viking, $10.95). . . . *Playing the Game: The Homosexual Novel in America* (Bobbs-Merrill, $8.95), by Roger Austen, describes the coming of age of gay lit in America. . . . Ray Kroc is the man who took in hand a hamburger restaurant in San Bernardino, California and turned it into a successful national franchise. *Grinding It Out: The Making of McDonald's* (Regnery, $9.95) is Kroc's account, delivered with the aid of Robert Anderson, of the selling of more than two billion hamburgers and the founding of Hamburger University, outside Chicago.

■ THE FAT PLATTER: Stella Jolles Reichman argues in *Great Big Beautiful Doll: Everything for the Body and Soul of the Larger Woman* (Dutton, $10) that "skinny chauvinism" will soon be put to rout by a Rubensesque revival. The book includes ninety photos of Stella, who weighs 199 pounds.

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is in need of some doctoring, or at least a physic to get us back in touch with ourselves and with whatever will save us. I don't much care whether he privately believes that physicians possess a metaphysic that will cure us all, or whether he's just borrowed against what he knows to suggest that a cure is what's needed. It's his faith that there *is* a curative, that there *is* a wholeness toward which his characters can aspire, that wins me over and that makes me notice the doctors in the first place. And it's the apparent absence of such a faith that makes *Lancelot*, his latest novel, as disturbing a document as it certainly is.

LOVE IN THE RUINS is in a different key from Percy's first two novels: ostensibly futuristic (it's 1983, and all the names that we recognize—Spiro Agnew, Gore Vidal, William O. Douglas—belong to people a lot older than they are today; Harry Belafonte, in fact, has sadly died) but not really so futuristic as it seems. The book opens with Dr. Tom More pinned down by snipers on a cloverleaf of the Interstate somewhere, we think, near New Orleans. Swamp-dwelling Bantus (actually a few old caddies and avuncular waiters) have mounted a guerrilla attack against the country club, and things don't look good for the whites who have been running the show. In fact, things look bad all over. Politics, always a white man's country club anyway, has rarefied itself into two parties called "Knotheads" and "Leftpapasanes"—an acronym for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, The Pill, Atheism, Pot, Anti-pollution, Sex, Abortion Now, and Euthanasia (the last being a pet project of Justice Douglas'). The Catholic Church has some time ago divided itself into factions too numerous and scrupulous to mention, and the left-wingers have managed to have "In God We Trust" stricken from pennies.

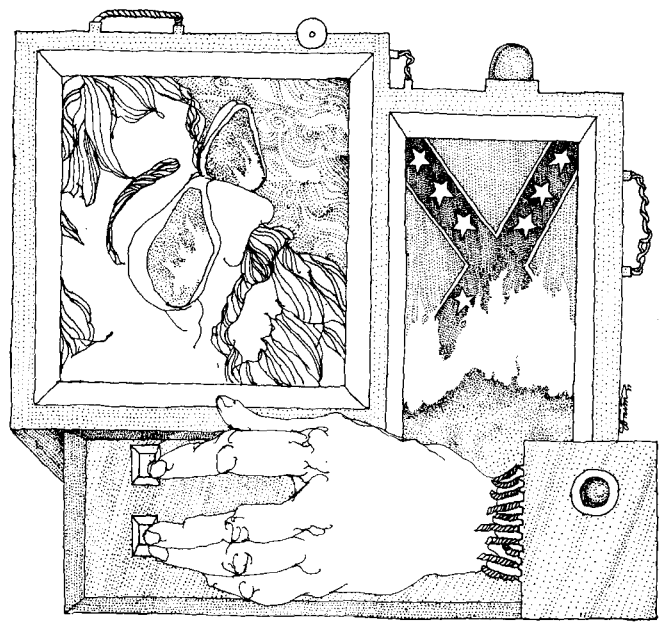
More describes himself as "an alcoholic, a shaky, middle-aged man subject to depressions and elations and morning terrors, but a genius nevertheless who sees into the hidden causes of things and erects simple hypotheses to account for the glut of everyday events." One of his hypotheses has led to his inventing a mysterious boxy little machine he calls the Qualitative-Quantitative Lapsometer, with which he can both diagnose and treat the spiritual ills of modern mankind: a "stethoscope of the spirit," he exults, "the index of life, life in death, and death in life."

More is suffering some rather severe lapses of his own, treating his illness with his own exotic machine, and strolling the swamps muttering things like "Physician cure thyself." The Bantus, led by a surly Mau-Mau type who is also a sociology PhD from Michigan State, begin potshotting More's house, while the good doctor angles his way into the sights of three very preponderant women, one of whom is a wonderfully big, strapping Texas girl named Lola, a sort of Scarlett O'Hara–Annie Oakley cross-breed who patrols the Louisiana swamps on horseback with a .45 in her belt, gives More big, breath-squeezing hugs, and lays in a hundred thousand New Hampshire chicks on the morning of the day the world is scheduled to close down. And indeed it isn't long before More's machine winds up in the hands of a bunch of overweening behavioral scientists, and there sets in a colossal ionization process (the lapsometer unfortunately transforms the Louisiana salt dome into something like a psychic hydrogen bomb) which eventually blows everyone's mind to smithereens, so that the next thing any of us knows, it's five years later, the south as well as the rest of the country has fallen into decay, and the book's at an end.

Here in *Love in the Ruins*—as in all his novels, including *Lancelot*—Percy remains a respecter, at least temporarily, of the old boundaries between the south—the *real* south, purlieus that include Louisiana, with points east to the Carolinas and Virginia and north as far as Memphis—where all his featured characters are natives, and *the rest of the country*, particularly the middle west and Texas. Which shouldn't surprise anyone since Percy is, after all, a southern writer, at least in the limited sense in which William Gass could be said to be a midwestern writer, or Dostoyevsky a Russian writer; though *not* in the sense most people mean when they say "southern writer," an expression which limps from one "critic" to the next but which almost always is pejorative, hazy in its essentials, and frequently born out of a simple poverty of wit, and which generally means simply *like Faulkner*.

For Percy is *not* like Faulkner, nor like anybody else, as well as I can reckon; which is partly what makes him so good. He's an original, and I believe he'd have been an excellent writer no matter where he'd been born and brought up (Duluth maybe, or Plankton, Ohio), a claim I wouldn't make for most writers of the south. For Percy, the south is simply the landscape he knows, the demography he's most familiar with, loves best, and feels most comfortable in the midst of. And in recognizing these old boundaries he intends not to limit his vision (the standard complaint against most novels of the south, and quite often an accurate one). He intends to do the opposite: to observe the boundaries so that he can erase them, while giving his narrators firm, if temporary, ground from which to see and speak to the rest of the country, to diagnose its ills, and to predict its future in complicated, compassionate, and often very funny ways. Because, as Tom More alertly points out, all those matrons in Paradise really *are* from the midwest.

Percy has been telling us for a long time what most of us may be just realizing: that southern regionalism as a factor in the impulse that makes us write novels, that makes us love and hate efficiently, that even makes us choose one



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biscuit flour over another, has had its day. The south has become the regrettable "Sunbelt," in case you haven't noticed. And I'm afraid the Sunbelt is buckled on to stay, and the jury is not even impaneled yet that will judge the literature that such a strange new territory will produce. The election of Jimmy Carter pointed not, as some people would argue, to the acceptance of the south by the rest of the polity, but to the polity's decision to buy southern stock, change the logo, institute sounder merchandising practices, and get the product on the street. The south is not a place any more: it's a Belt, a business proposition, which is the nearest thing to anonymity the economy recognizes.

Love in the Ruins, after all, opens not in some scuppernong arbor or with the katydids all azizzing, but between ramps on the freeway. And it ends in a post-revolutionary America where More, whose lapsometer appropriately enough has become a catalyst for racial mayhem, barely ekes out a living in former slave quarters while the blacks run everything and do about as well as the whites had done, playing golf on Saturdays and turning a polite and slightly deaf ear to matters of race, if that is the human race.

Percy worries about the human race, about its spirit and its ultimate residence on earth. Texas—that crude, vulgarly seductive, and risible moonscape populated by rough old Chill Wills types with fat wallets and big mouths and Amazonish daughters who are simply too horsey and savvy and all-over-everything for a fellow ever to deal with successfully—lies out there just to the west, and, unhappily, in all our futures. The midwest already stretches from Lake Michigan to the Gulf. And while these two facts don't especially please Percy, and while his characters find Michiganders and Texans to be strange-speaking, violent folks with acornish imaginations and hardly any sense of repose or racial history, they eventually shrug and clap these folks on the back, share their fears and morning terrors, and say, like Jack Bolling, with a considerable measure of self-irony, "The delegates are very decent fellows."

WHICH BRINGS us to *Lancelot*, where there don't seem to be many decent fellows at all. Lancelot Andrewes Lamar (Andrewes, to keep the Episcopalians happy) is recounting his story, from his cell inside what seems to be a prison psychiatric ward, to a silent auditor named Percival, who is either a physician or a priest, or, as Lancelot believes, both at once. Either way he's a "Soul Expert" (another of Percy's doctors). Both fellows—given the novel's Arthurian window dressing and the *roman d'antiquité* mode of inquiry, in which the action is interrupted by occasional monologues that divulge the hero's true motives and general history—are meant to possess some knightly traits. Percival has set himself apart from the run of men by becoming protector of various restorative and pious virtues with which he could heal the world if only it would give him the chance. (Some readers might also identify Percy with one of Percival's less obliging qualities: being so simple-minded as to refrain from asking the big question when it's dying to be asked.) Lance, true to the medieval course, has flung himself into worldly, even fleshly occupations, and must go questing after some sort of spiritual sanction when the secular world turns sour. It's these two ritually combative traditions that Percy brings together and opposes to one another in a kind of dynamic tension of the soul,

though chiefly it's Lancelot's 1970s update of the old dolorous knight's tale that provokes our interest.

Lance has begun life brightly enough: scion of elegant and fashionably broken-down Louisiana gentry. He's been a Rhodes scholar, Golden Gloves champ, voted most likely to be everything, and "holder of the record of the Longest Punt Return in the entire U.S.A."—a reasonably good start. He has likewise managed to marry well, keep up appearances at Belle Isle (the stately family manse), champion a number of unpopular liberal causes, and yet somehow keep up his card as at least a fairly good old boy who can speak persuasively to the local Kleagle when that formidable gentleman threatens to open a few holes in the trusted family retainer.

But then, somewhere in the early Seventies, it all started turning sour. The novel, in fact, wishes to be partial testimony to that souring, which Lance believes has been occurring coast-to-coast since the end of the Sixties, the source of all maleficence being the state of California (Texas raised to the last possible power), and in particular the movie industry and its boomtown, Burbank.

Lance's Carolina wife dies, on cue; his only son shows signs of becoming a homosexual (because, Lance insists, the boy's been harassed by concupiscent females); the Vietnam War ends; race ceases to be a hot legal commodity even in the south; and Lance, in the best southern tradition, begins to drink more and opens Belle Isle to a freshet of muddy-footed Michiganders, a race of souls he judges to be below insult but who help pay the whisky bills. Exiled, then, to reduced quarters inside his own house, Lance goes about planning annuities for giddy old dowagers, bailing out the NAACP, watching the news (a throwback to his once-lively engagement with "great historical events"), and drinking. Until one rainy afternoon he tumbles hard for no less than one of those hoop-skirted, sweet-smelling pseudo-belles employed by the Azalea Trail Committee to hustle tourists in and out of antebellum mansions and act as if they liked doing it. Margot is a first-rate *arriviste*, though different from the rather pretensionless Michiganders who are generally content to poke around, compare everything unfavorably to Greenfield Village, and settle down in a nice split-level near the closest Dow plant. Margot has *big* plans.

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The only daughter of a Texas millionaire whose fortune was got by cooking up some exotic species of mud for use in the gas fields, Margot Reilly has marched out of Texas and into the lower rounds of the New Orleans *haut monde* and settles on Lance, chiefly for his real estate. After a polite interlude of marital tranquility Margot goes back to the business of *becoming*—this time as a would-be actress—and Lance slides off into his own old bad habits: dreariness, drunkenness, and TV aphasia. And it isn't long before he discovers Margot has strayed into the arms of a Hollywood director named Merlin, temporarily based in Dallas, who has promised her a place on the marquee and apparently fathered a child Lancelot believed to be his own.

Lance becomes obsessed with certifying Margot's infidelity and sets forth on a search he inflatedly calls his quest for the "Unholy Grail." "What is needed," he tells Percival after the fact, "is a quest for evil," since "niceness" (faithful love) has been subverted by lewdness and Hollywood fantasms, while the blame has all been explained away by rationales that describe sex as the random collision of hapless molecules. All has become, as Lance says, "buggery." Unlike his Arthurian namesake, he believes that his undoing comes not of his own faithlessness, improvidence, and commitment to worldly virtues, but of the tawdry infidelity of the women he loves.

FROM HIS pigeonnier, a garret once paved by antique bird droppings but since refurbished by Margot as an out-of-the-way place to get drunk and sloppy, Lance goes about masterminding his trap. Margot makes matters a lot easier by inviting the film crew (a gaggle of bozos and not particularly amusing clichés) out to Belle Isle to shoot the final scenes of a low budget plantation epic in which she's won a part. There follows a good deal of hiding, spying, eavesdropping, and conniving, which provides the novel's chief source of suspense, though the denouement is given away in dribbles and dabs long before the end. The story concludes in the midst of a Gulf Coast hurricane that emblemizes the ominous heart of darkness Lance's madness tells him is not his alone but the sinful heart of a country standing at the threshold of a new century. This hurricane also gives occasion for the book's most powerful and impressive writing, and goes a way toward redeeming a novel which Percy seems to have handled without a great deal of certainty or much real interest in the ideas he passes on as truth.

In the first place, *Lancelot* is a novel which wants to *teach* us something (in itself an inauspicious beginning), something about the age we live in, the way *The Moviegoer* taught us (without seeming to try) about the passage between the Fifties and the Sixties. Lancelot wants to tell us about the middle Seventies and about our national soul, assuming we have one. It's a Bicentennial book and subject to that queer genre's hastiness and accession to easy truth. It never seems to decide how it wants to tell us what it wants to tell us, nor does it search hard enough once it nears what it believes to be the truth.

For instance, it continually employs Lance's rambling monologues to the silent Percival as a way, I suppose, of saying things purely and simply. "Some years ago," Lance declares, "I discovered that I had nothing to say to anybody nor anybody to me." That's fine, of course. But it's a small ephiphany most of us weathered at about age 24; and it was cocktail wisdom several generations ago, along with the lonely crowds and all that. Which is the chief objection to most of Lance's windy disquisitions: we've simply heard it before, most of it long before the Sixties' glibness made it a cliché. We can't object to characters' knowing and suffering what we all know and suffer—that's what makes us think we recognize them—but we can object when old stuff gets trotted out as something new and profound.

Another instance is Lance's signal discovery that evil, in whatever form one conjures it, is essentially banal, because simple, banal folks create it. If it taught us nothing else—and conceivably it did not—the Vietnam War should have taught us the archbanality of real evil; like most of us, Lance watched the war on television, so he should've known. He uncovers the old Conradean Horror, but he's surprised when he finds there's nothing much to it but what he already knew. And worse, his surprise apparently causes him to misunderstand the one piece of authentic information that might've helped. Instead, Lance (and Percy himself: Lance is so fitfully drawn that it's finally impossible to separate their two intelligences) misses the crucial term in evil's sinister little equation: not only is evil common and everyday (it's adultery, it's self-deceit), but it is dangerous precisely *because* it is so plain-faced and simple. If Satan went around dressed as himself, a lot fewer of us might fall his prey.

The conclusion Lance draws from his discovery about evil is, at bottom, not such a bad one—return to the world, arrive at ways of respecting each other's feelings and personal sanctity. It's a solution similar to the ones most of Percy's central characters chose in the end; though, importantly, none of them, Jack Bolling, Will Barrett, Tom More—abstracted as they were from the everyday goings-on in the world—had ever quite reached the point of saying that everydayness is evil and should be blown to high heaven. In fact, one suspects Percy would earlier have violently opposed such a solution: history had not brought us to such a pass when he created those earlier characters; antidotes were still available.

THIS TIME, however, Percy is compelled to convert the once-simple cure of returning to the world into a madman's scheme, so he gives us Lance sitting in his cell manically planning a Third American Revolution to be fostered in Virginia and to have as its aim the re-establishment of good Christian male will over everything and everybody, particularly women. It's a sort of Billy Grahamish plot to put "In God We Trust" back on the penny. But I believe that if Lance (and Percy) had looked closely enough at the evident nature of evil to see that banality is not its weakness but its insidious power, this frightening tour into megalomania might not have seemed necessary; the old cures espoused by those previous doctors of the soul might have been recognized again as the only hope there is.

Lancelot, though, seems to flail with Percy's uncertainties. It rambles from those sober-somber monologues into more and more tumid and ethically puzzling ravings about third revolutions; pauses midway to parody movie folk as a bunch of malevolent cartoon clowns; moves into a surreality of Watergatish pranks, with videotape spy devices snugged away in false walls once occupied by fugitive Confederates; yet returns to final sobriety when Percival utters his one lone audible sound, a much-too-long-awaited and much-too-

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insufficient "Yes," in answer to Lance's question: "Is there anything you wish to tell me before I leave?" There is, of course, though we never hear it; most of us have said it for ourselves a while ago.

One might answer those complaints by saying *Lancelot* is simply a madman's tale and should not be faulted if the madman is not consistent. Lear, after all, has good moments and bad. But Lear, since I dare to take his name in my support, has a character true and whole, which we distinguish immediately from that of his creator, and his motives and failings are his own and not simply those which exemplify his age. I cannot find that Percy has, in *Lancelot*, given Lance such a character true and whole. Lance seems not so much a character in the old sense, which I think Percy would have him be, but a series of imperfectly controlled strategies meant to deal with an incompletely understood set of fears: that the ordinary life, which so many of Percy's characters undertook in earlier novels, leads finally to its own abstractions and despair; that we are deluded, unmanned and unwomaned from our primordial wisdoms, by technology, Hollywood illusion, and a wealth of factitious information thrown at us from all sides; that man, more than ever, is in need of having his poor soul doctored and soothed before it blows sky-high; and that at the threshold of the next hundred years things don't look so good. Percival's "Yes" hints there still may be a way, but God only knows what that way could be.

I am aware that people will say—perhaps they have already said—that this book's a parody, so outrageous in its conceits and posturings as to warn the dimmest wit against taking all this stuff at face value. And, as I have mentioned, from time to time Percy does indeed haul out the machinery of parody, taking on in high style Hollywood buffoons and buffoonery; setting up his own featured speaker as a knave, not a knight, and the worst of knaves at that, one who mistakes his own knavery and calls it a quest. But if it is true that *Lancelot* is written as parody, it's true only part of the time, and I'm afraid I lose the thread of intention. Too often we are let down to the rough ground of Lancelot's life, where the author treats us not to hyperbole and high jinx but to simple sadness, to the aftermath of a real time when we all wanted to like ourselves better than we can now, didn't drink alone, and thought we understood how our past had betrayed us. I think it all just got too grim for Percy; the specter of his own mean and incomplete vision flew back at him, and he tried to make it a joke, but it was too late.

But finally my real public complaint about *Lancelot* is not that the characters are not rounded, or that Percy doesn't tell me anything I didn't know, or that he flails a little and can't get his material under control. My complaint is that somehow in the creation of this book Percy so constricted himself with ideas and grim spirit that he pinched off some of his own lovely facility for writing prose, the very thing he does best. The book's not written badly, of course. That would never happen. It's just that whatever tincture of good spirit and drollery is necessary to convince Percy to indulge himself and us a little with words is missing by two-thirds.

"The thunderstorm was gone, and the hurricane was still a great Catherine wheel spinning slowly in the Gulf casting its pall of wind and rain two hundred miles ahead to the northeast while its northwest quadrant sucked in the northern fall, the deep clear Canadian air funneling down, cirrus-flecked five miles high. There was no sign of a hurricane except a sense of urgency and a high commotion in the air. Restive blackbirds took alarm, rose in clouds from the marshes, and rose again." It's those sentences that I love most. And mostly they're not here. I just hope they come back soon. □

Mr. Ford's first novel, A Piece of My Heart, *was published last October by Harper & Row. He is at work on a second one.*

The PRINTED WORD

TARIFF ON TRUTH

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

National Geographic is not usually thought of as a fellow-traveling publication. Indeed there are few more refreshing magazines, few so beautifully designed to take the reader out of himself and give him an instant vacation from politics and other humdrum distractions. So it comes as a shock to find Accuracy in Media accusing *National Geographic* of painting a flattering portrait of Cuba. In a sense, of course, the magazine flatters everyone: you never come away from it saying that Guatemala or Ceylon is uglier than you thought: every country is endowed, in its glossy pages, with vivid splendor, every exotic savage rite enhanced with curiosity and awe. That is the virtue of the magazine, that it suspends judgment in introducing you to alien things.

But the *AIM Report* calls attention to a feature on Cuba which is full of misinformation, omissions, and misleading formulations, most of which are the result of the *National Geographic* reporter's willingness to take the word of Cuban officials. The reader is led to believe that Cuba before the Revolution was poor, illiterate, dominated by predatory *yanquis*, and so forth; that it was only the "wealthy" who fled, though it is later mentioned that 700,000 (of six million) got out while the getting was good; and, by the distribution of emphasis, that state terrorism plays only a marginal role in the life of the country.

AIM does a splendid job on the facts of the case, to which I will add only a few further remarks.

The article's author, Fred Ward, tries not to be totally uncritical. He says, for instance: "Their present housing conditions are not too much different from those that helped bring about the revolution." As the *AIM Report* comments: "This implies that Castro was swept into power because the Cuban people were dissatisfied with their economic conditions." (Cuba was so prosperous it had to restrict immigration, and Castro himself admitted in 1957 that if economics were the main issue, "we should be satisfied with the present government of Batista.") What is notable here, though, is that Ward takes the revolution at its word, and judges it by its own standards—thereby conceding it the right to determine the relevant categories, even when he tries to offer an independent analysis.

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Again: Ward writes: "One way to maintain this enthusiasm [for the regime] has been a uniquely Cuban invention, the Committee for the Defense of the Revolution. . . . Originally formed in 1960 to counter sabotage, the CDR now is one of Cuba's 'mass' organizations, charged with numerous community functions. The people who run the CDR offices claim their time is spent tending to such everyday details as the Sunday block cleanup, vaccination campaigns, and making sure kids get medical checkups. But the CDR also conducts political discussions, and critics say it has neighbors spying on neighbors. Whether true or not, the prospect of such constant monitoring would tend to deter dissident activity." What an odd way to put it. "Critics say"! What critics? Where do they say it? Why would monitoring "tend to deter" dissident activity unless something backed it up? *What* backs it up? No clue.

Ward accepts the cumbersome official designation of the Committee, and doesn't superadd common and compactly descriptive categories like "secret police" (which aren't "uniquely Cuban"). He does try to hint at the other side of all the official propaganda, but he is restricted by the huge initial rhetorical concession he has made to the Communist terminology. To exaggerate the personal fault he bears for this is to overlook something very important, and relevant not only to *National Geographic* but to the whole enterprise of gathering data in totalitarian countries, whether for scholarly, journalistic, or commercial purposes.

WHICH IS that Communist regimes (and to some extent any despotism) can impose on our own freedoms simply by virtue of their control of access. NBC is free to broadcast here anything it can gather in Russia; but it is not free to gather just anything in Russia. The American scholar who wants continued entrée to certain archives at Moscow University must take care not to offend those who have utter discretion as to whether to allow him back in the next time he applies for a visa. The journalist who wants to return to Cuba is under the same kind of duress. The ever-present threat to lock the door creates an automatic and unavoidable conflict of interest for anyone who makes his living in the fields of information. Our free press is free only on our side of the Iron Curtain. To the extent it wants to stay in business abroad it must trade under conditions of what K. R. Minogue calls "intellectual protectionism."

It shouldn't surprise or outrage us when it happens, but we should be alert to it: our journalists and scholars make frequent little pay-offs to foreign governments in the form of fudged phrases and the kind of terminological submission one finds in Ward's piece. If they don't talk the totalitarian lingo, they at least find a neutral dialect, a formalistic lingua franca, that will make it unnecessary for them to speak of a network of spies on citizens as "secret police," and allow them to take totalitarian institutions discretely, at face value. When the market for truth is controlled, we pay a heavy tariff on every fact we import. That is worth bearing in mind—without prejudice to the individual reporter—every time we get a report from Utopia. □

ART

WHOSE BERLIN?

RUTH BERENSON

It's questionable, to say the least, whether the thousands of Washingtonians who queued up outside the National Gallery to marvel at Tutankhamun came away convinced that Prime Minister Sadat should be allowed to complete his shopping list, or whether the New Yorkers now flocking to the Metropolitan's Russian and Soviet Painting are beginning to wonder if Sakharov isn't making up all those horrid stories about what happens to dissidents in the Soviet Union. Still, countries of all sizes and political persuasions are convinced that this kind of cultural public relations pays off, and that nothing beats the export of art and artists for drumming up political goodwill.

A recent case in point was the saturation bombing of New York with art exhibitions, films, plays, poetry readings, and scholarly symposia offered under the catchy slogan Berlin Now, a rubric that was plastered on bus stops all over town. Just which part of divided Berlin was thus displaying its wares was not specified in the advertising. It turned out that it was West Berlin, a fact even those who managed to attend some of the events were rather hard put to discover.

To those of us pushing senior citizenship, "Berlin" evokes images of the Soviet blockade, the U.S. airlift, the Wall, and President Kennedy's "*Ich bin ein Berliner*." Those who read the newspapers closely may even be aware that thousands have tried to escape through the Wall and those who fail—hundreds each year—are shot by the East German "people's police." Still, memories are short, an axiom learned in kindergarten by public relations experts, and there's nothing wrong with an occasional prodding. No one would object—in fact, one would be grateful—if West Berliners tried to remind us of the constant threat of Communist engulfment they live with, or even of America's oft-reiterated commitment to defend their freedom.

But judging from the tenor of the various happenings that made up Berlin Now, this is not what its main sponsors and organizers—Goethe House in New York and the cultural authorities of Bonn's and Berlin's largely Social Democratic administrations—had in mind. On the contrary, as I say, references to Berlin's precarious situation were so few that one had the feeling the authorities are embarrassed by it. Even stranger was the impression that many offerings among the art exhibitions and films could as easily have been produced in the Communist East as in the free West.

Of the art shows, the one devoted to 83-year-old Hannah Höch, charter member of the Berlin Dada movement in the Twenties and an originator of the technique of photomontage, was well worth seeing. Though she prudently kept out of sight during the Hitler period, Höch never stopped working. The Goethe House selection revealed that her recent work is gentler, less bitterly satiric than it used to be, but it is no less inventive. Also interesting were etchings by Günter Grass at the Weyhe Gallery, technically superb (Grass studied art before turning to writing) and with the same macabre fantasy that marks his novels.

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The rest of the art—Abstraction at the Denise René Gallery and Berlin Realists at the New School—not only was undistinguished, but much of it, especially in the Realists' show, seemed pure Communist propaganda: portraits of Marx, Lenin, Hegel (upside down); *mutilated war victims; instruments of* torture ("aspects of human existence: weaponry," according to the catalogue explanation); surgical operations with sadistic overtones. One picture, Jürgen Waller's *Ride for the Capital*, recalled the kind of Socialist Realism we had to endure in America during the Thirties: muscular, grim-faced workers supporting on their backs a garden-like landscape on which a bunch of snooty capitalists (including, believe it or not, John D. himself) disported themselves.

The films were even worse. At least half dated from the Weimar period (Berlin Now's organizers seemed obsessed with Berlin Then) and many were revolutionary in tone, suggesting that German film-making in those years was a monopoly of the Left. (The Schiller Theater's live cabaret of songs, skits, and recitations by writers of that period left somewhat the same impression of the literary world.) This was not true then, as witness all the popular UFA films of the Twenties and early Thirties, but it does appear to be true now—assuming, of course, that the selection of contemporary movies was really typical.

IT'S NOT HARD to be a creative artist in today's Berlin. Realizing it is no longer a commercial art center on a par with Cologne or Düsseldorf, Berlin now lures painters, sculptors, and musicians with subsidies. (Film-makers don't have to come to Berlin: they are subsidized by Bonn if they work anywhere in West Germany.) Berlin buys works of art for public places, finances exhibitions run by artists, and maintains an elaborate print workshop for them. The artists themselves are organized into a militant union which has successfully demanded the right to set art policy, including what exhibitions are to be sent abroad. (Berlin Now's merits and demerits can thus be laid partly at their door.) One cannot help wondering what would be the fate of these creative souls, left-wing extremists all, if they had to compete in an open market as artists are compelled to here, where even the various federal, state, and local art councils encourage competition by rejecting many more applications than they accept.

But an even more gnawing question is whether these artists reflect the convictions of the ordinary people who live in Berlin. Is the city still the "bastion of freedom" we've admired since 1945? Or is it now "swinging Berlin"—swinging further and further left? Berlin Now raises these troublesome questions—although those who know the city well, who have watched it closely since the end of the war, are convinced that the small but radical minority whose films and pictures were seen here this spring are no more representative of the people of Berlin than the KGB is of the Russians. □

The GIMLET EYE

SUPER FREAKS

D. KEITH MANO

Meanwhile the two went back to the house of great Zeus,
Hera of Argos, with Athene who stands by her people,
after they stopped the murderous work of manslaughtering Ares.
(*The Iliad*, Book V)

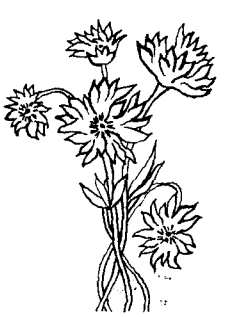
. . . long time in even scale
The Battel hung; till Satan, *who that day*
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
No equal, raunging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the Sword of Michael *smote . . .*
(*Paradise Lost*, Book VI)

It means your finish, Magneto! Cyclops created a tunnel for us under the blast with his energy beam . . . saving us from the impact! And now . . .
(*The X Men*, Marvel Comics)

Right. You catch on fast. What I mean is: that every human time has had its Super Dudes. They attest to the peculiar intelligence and aspirations of a culture. They are communal dream work. I know it's uncharitable to pick on blind persons, but surely *Paradise Lost*, Book VI, is a big, fatuous comic strip. POW! never-ending Michael whomps the ichor out of never-ending Satan: absurd, I think. Hera and Athene are less pretentious, though still pretty laughable: they descend and condescend to play at Trojan War, rather the way Louis XIV's court would deign to play peasant for an afternoon.

And our half-century has extruded —what else?—a most trivial crock of Super Things. Six Million Dollar People with one real limb and three solid-state appendages: more prosthesis than body. Plus walking snatches of hyperbole like The Hulk, Beast, Angel, and Plastic-Spider-Iron-Ice-Ant Man. Creatures tricked out in basic colors: red and yellow and green; supermarket packaging, essentially, made for maximum shelf recognition. With dance belt and smooth, over-muscular physique, they're streamlined as an Andy Warhol afterthought.

In the beginning was/were; myth and religion, like DAR committeewomen, are hung up on pedigree. Often a religious origin tale will serve to elucidate certain complex or difficult aspects of our human circumstance. *Paradise Lost*, say, is *Roots* for Satan; also for Evil. But listen to the unresonant origins of our Super Pantheon. Iron Man, that rude mechanical, didn't duck fast enough when a booby trap blew. Radioactive spiders noshed on Spider Man. Cyclops, Beast, Angel, Iceman, and Marvel Girl are all mutant. The Fantastic Four were zatzed by cosmic rays; gamma rays got Hulk. In each case the origin is a) wholly fortuitous and b) explicable by some half-fried scientific gloss. Marvel Supers are a synecdoche for our faithless age.



Optimism is out of the question. No friendly Omnipotence exists to be propitiated or loved or saved by. Events have their scientific cause; but cause —as in the scientific yet haphazard grouping together of chromosomes—is mute and stupid: a sort of inevitable accident.

Superhero theology, in its essential dynamic, isn't all that different from Greek or Christian: i.e., the One became the Several. Old Number One

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was Zeus. Then (division of labor applies even on Olympus) attribute godlets got chipped off: Athene–Wisdom, Aphrodite–Love. Christianity took more interest in labor than in feeling. Saints are occupational: St. Christopher acted as shop steward for travelers; St. Joseph for cuckolds. Superman, of course, was Zeus-Yahweh: universal powers. In fact he represented—no more, no less—Science and All It Can Do to Make Us Happier. Look at the early Superman comics: each is little more than a lab manual. Supe would discandy stone with his X-ray vision, which would let out gases, which when mixed with water would etc. Sensitive to the Zeitgeist, his epigones—Ice Man and Flame and Cyclops—have specialized. But, unlike god or saint, superheroes have no effect on human moral life. They are emblems not of attribute or of occupation, but of discrete technologies. Man has come to perceive that his inventions are separate, autonomous. Not running amok yet, but walking that way.

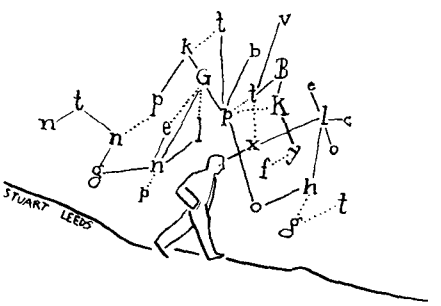
Dangerous, I'd say. The classical and Christian POVs hypothesized some sort of rigid Manichean standoff. Satan was evil and would always be; nothing can sift Aresness from Ares. But the Superhero has no moral attribute: he has only technique. Worse, you don't use Spider Man to enforce parking laws: he'd be overqualified. For every Superhero there are at least six dozen Superthreats. Magneto *v.* Cyclops isn't St. Michael *v.* Satan, an ethical working-out: Superhero conflicts have rather the emotive value of an equation in physics. Magnetism over laser beams will equal— But why is Magneto bad, Cyclops good? No reason. We depend on super whims. Neither can be trusted to remain consistent. I suggest that the very popular Superhero genre implies a profound uneasiness in us about science and its prodigious, morally neutral power.

They wear masks. The private identity has to be hidden: Robert Redford in shades. Christ and Zeus borrowed mortality; Superheroes are men stuck with a semi-divine set of affects. These ostracize, embarrass. The Superhero is freakish: he can't die; he can't make love conveniently. Some, indeed—Hulk or Beast, for example—are monsters in a Frankensteinian tradition. "As for the Iron Man, that metallic hulk who once was Anthony Stark . . . who knows what destiny awaits him?"

In short, Superheroes are less bizarre than one might suppose: each is an apposite symbol for the modern condition. I hate to tell you this but . . . I'm Iron Man. All I need do, see, is get in my 1971 Plymouth. Power increases exponentially; personal contact is shut down. I can kill in an off-hand manner. And I'm obligated to follow cement paths; to come up with a monthly payment; to go in hock for gas. Superheroes announce our ambivalence in the matter of technology. It's like a pacemaker: vital, yet scarring. And the situation can no longer be reversed: we are mutants of science, zatzed with cosmic or gamma radiation. By your gods you shall be known. And some lousy civilization it is, in which even the comic book god-people are afflicted with those European pathologies, *cafard* and *ennui* and *Angst*. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MY YEARS WITH LUDWIG VON MISES, *by Margit von Mises (Arlington House, 191 pp., $9.95)*. Chalk one up, on the plus side, for Adolf Hitler. If his troops hadn't marched into Austria in 1938, sending Ludwig von Mises into exile, chances are that Mises would never have married Margit Sereny, whose love and devoted attention ended up enriching us all. For by catering to his every need and giving him the unquestioning support he craved, Margit made it possible for Mises ("Lu," as she rather disconcertingly calls him) to devote his full attention to his epochal works. Ludwig von Mises met Margit, a young actress recently widowed, in Vienna in 1925. He proposed a year later, and considered himself engaged for the next 12 years while continuing to live at home with his mother (to whom he never, in all that time, introduced his wife-to-be). It was only at his joyful reunion with Margit and her daughter after they too had escaped from post-*Anschluss* Vienna that Lu set a date for the wedding. He was then 58. They lived happily ever after, as this book so warmly attests, though on the thin edge of genteel poverty. Mises had once warned Margit: "I write about money, but I will never have much of my own." Arriving in the United States, age 59, Mises found the going rough. "Lu's writings," says the author, "were hated by socialists of every type, Nazis, Communists, Fascists, and, as I later found, American socialists as well." Other refugees from Nazi Germany found sinecures in great American universities; Mises did not. He was finally offered a seminar at NYU (which paid $2,000 a year). But if money and critical acclaim were short, Ludwig and Margit found something far more valuable, a host of devoted students and friends. It is often said the conservatives don't take care of their wounded. This was emphatically not the case here. Margit's book is a living tribute to friends who rallied around, a legion of them, most of them fellow economists. She singles out particularly Henry Hazlitt, Murray Rothbard, Larry Fertig, Leonard Read, John Chamberlain, Sylvester Petro, Percy Greaves. Of Henry Hazlitt, who helped get her daughter out of Nazi-occupied France, Margit writes: "Hazlitt himself may long have forgotten about this incident; I haven't and I never will." A gracious memoir, by a gracious lady raised in the pre-World War II school of gracious manners.



PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

GENIUS IN THE BACKLANDS: *Popular Artists of Brazil, by Selden Rodman (Devin-Adair, 150 pp., $10)*. Selden Rodman has an uncanny flair for ferreting out unknown artists in both likely and unlikely places. A poet and anthologist, he first became known in the art world as a discoverer of Horace Pippin, the black American painter whose epic series on John Brown is one of the glories of our popular art. Since then, he has been closely identified with the Haitian renaissance, which he, with De Witt Peters and others, helped initiate and which he has done much to publicize. Now he has come up with another group of little-knowns, this time from the hinterlands of Brazil. Though they are not all equally exciting, some, especially the painter José Antonio de Silva and the woodcarvers Louco and GTO (Geraldo Tales de Oliveira) would seem to be finds of more than ordinary importance. Now, these artists are not completely unknown in their native country. De Silva, for instance, was discovered by Brazilian critics in the late Forties; but when, in the Sixties, the European and North American avant garde came to dominate the Bienal, São Paulo's prestigious international art show, he began to seem too crude, too naïve, to take his place alongside Candido Portinari, a disciple of Picasso and the only Brazilian

(Continues on page 571)

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

THAT THREE-HOUR onslaught by NBC against the shade of Joe McCarthy has had some beneficial side-effects.

Angered by *Tail Gunner Joe*, anti-Communist authors and publishers have hastened to the printing presses and revived two books about the Wisconsin Senator that set the complicated record straight. The first of these is *McCarthy and His Enemies*, by William F. Buckley Jr. and L. Brent Bozell, originally published by Henry Regnery in 1954 and now reissued by Arlington House ($9.95).

McCarthy and His Enemies was a publishing event when it first appeared and remains the definitive work on McCarthy's doings up through 1953. Here are covered the McCarthy speech in Wheeling, W.Va., in February of 1950; the "numbers game" involving 205, 81, and 57 suspected subversives in the State Department; the Tydings committee; the counsels of Owen Lattimore and John Stewart Service; the Institute of Pacific Relations; the *Amerasia* case; the George Marshall episode; and much, much more.

Included in the Buckley-Bozell analysis are a searching critique of liberal spokesmen in press and government who grossly misstated the facts about McCarthy, and an effort to fathom the curious mentality that dismisses the crimes of a Stalin or Mao, but is galvanized to instant outrage by any hard-shell anti-Communist. The book is a classic of its kind and, in view of the continuing posthumous smear campaign (and the current revival of all those Mao-admiring China hands left over from the Forties), should be obligatory reading.

Also back on the market is Roy Cohn's *McCarthy*, published in 1968 by The New American Library, now reissued under the title *McCarthy: The Answer to "Tail Gunner Joe"* (Manor Books, 432 Park Avenue South, New York 10016, $2.25). Cohn, who became chief counsel to the McCarthy committee in 1953, has prefaced this paperback edition with a withering blast at NBC's one-sided drama, charging numerous flagrant errors in its supposedly factual presentation.

Cohn's discussion should be read in sequence with Buckley-Bozell, since he picks up the narrative almost exactly where they leave off. Among the subjects he reviews are the dispute over the USIS libraries, the battle over who promoted Peress, the case of Annie Lee Moss, the *Washington Post*'s chagrined involvement in the Paul Hughes swindle, and the charges and countercharges between McCarthy and the Army. Especially interesting was the Fifties flap over "executive privilege," with McCarthy combatting presidential secrecy and liberals everywhere defending it. Two decades later, when they went after Richard Nixon, such former friends of "executive privilege" as the *New York Times* and *Washington Post* shifted their field 180 degrees without acknowledging the fact that they had previously said the opposite.

IN TRAVERSING this terrain, Cohn provides a wealth of data that somehow didn't make it into *Tail Gunner Joe* and that routinely gets omitted from the hatchet jobs confected by the likes of Fred J. Cook and Richard H. Rovere. What emerges from Cohn's discussion, as from Buckley and Bozell's, is that while McCarthy made his share of errors, usually deriving from impulsiveness or honest anger, in case after case the Wisconsin Senator was right and his liberal adversaries were inexcusably wrong.

Finally, for background on the period, and on the nature of the Communist problem as it existed when Joe McCarthy took the stage, one can hardly do better than Isaac Don Levine's *Plain Talk* (Arlington House, $12.95). This collection of vintage pieces from that prematurely anti-Communist journal of the 1940s contains much useful information concerning the advance of Communism, the fall of China, the internal security breakdown in the United States, and the many deplorable lapses of our State Department. A fine anthology, edited by the doyen of the anti-Communist movement. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

GERHART NIEMEYER:

[Of] Human Dignity

Man is dignified inasmuch as he has been given reason and the power to distinguish right from wrong. The inventor of the great game of baseball had a sense of that dignity: he wrote into the rules that not only hits and runs but also errors should be recorded.

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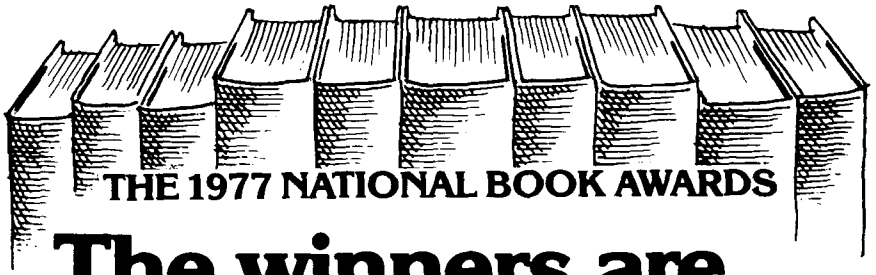
BRIEFS

(Continued from page 567)

artist to achieve worldwide acclaim. De Silva's works disappeared from the chic galleries of Rio and São Paulo, and one must now go to his remote native village to see them. The same is true of most of the others in this book—though one suspects that Rodman, whose unerring eye for the offbeat is well known to art dealers if not to book reviewers (who tend to dismiss him as a reactionary for his frequent espousal of art that does not conform to the latest ism), will be listened to in gallery circles, and it won't be long before some enterprising entrepreneur will launch his discoveries on the New York art scene. Even though *Genius in the Backlands* is unfortunately full of typographical errors, and its small format makes the reproductions, especially the black-and-whites, difficult to look at, it is a valuable addition to the growing literature on popular art. RUTH BERENSON

LBJ: THE WAY HE WAS, *by Frank Cormier (Doubleday, 276 pp., $8.95).* My favorite Lyndon Johnson story recalls the Chief Executive approaching a line of helicopters, a few minutes before takeoff time, and being informed by an airman that he was headed toward the wrong chopper. "Sir, yours is over here," said the eager enlisted man, only to be instantly glazed by the icy stare of his Commander-in-Chief, who completed the freezing process by intoning, in his inimitable drawl, "Son, they're all mine." The incident is vintage LBJ; it underlines the extent to which this imperious leader was driven to delineate his domain. It is also one of the few anecdotes Frank Cormier has omitted from his engaging recollection of the Johnson reign. As White House correspondent for the Associated Press, the author was in a position to try to fathom this enigmatic man who evoked the gamut of reactions—demigod to some, Uncle Cornpone to others. Initially the reader may be misled (by the publisher's hype and by the photograph of LBJ and Cormier together in the Oval Office) into assuming that this "personal memoir of the man and his Presidency" will be another smarmy paean in the Jack Valenti genre. Instead, what emerges is a vivid portrait of a Big Daddy figure drawn from the perspective of a journalist whose professional virginity remained reasonably resistant to the seductive Johnson treatment. (That the Congress was not nearly so fortunate is a matter of record.) What remains obscure is the shrouded heart of the man who seemed a mixture of Huey Long and Elmer Gantry. Cormier cannot penetrate to it, but the book does bring us closer to an understanding of this man who unabashedly cultivated the role of savior, whose excesses fueled and eventually frustrated his dreams of absolute power. This book should be required reading for his successors. ALAN L. MILLER



THE 1977 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

The winners are...

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT

BRUNO BETTELHEIM/The Uses of Enchantment: The Meaning and Importance of Fairy Tales/Knopf

FICTION

WALLACE STEGNER/The Spectator Bird/Doubleday

TRANSLATION

LI-LI CH'EN/Master Tung's Western Chamber Romance: A Chinese Chantefable/Cambridge University Press

BIOGRAPHY & AUTOBIOGRAPHY

W. A. SWANBERG/Norman Thomas: The Last Idealist/Scribner's

POETRY

RICHARD EBERHART/Collected Poems: 1930-1976/Oxford University Press

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

KATHERINE PATERSON/The Master Puppeteer/ T. Y. Crowell

HISTORY

IRVING HOWE/World of Our Fathers/ Harcourt Brace Jovanovich

...The 28 other distinguished nominees:

CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT

DOROTHY DINNERSTEIN/The Mermaid and the Minotaur: Sexual Arrangements and Human Malaise/Harper & Row
JOSEPH FRANK/Dostoevsky: The Seeds of Revolt, 1821-1849/Princeton University Press
ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE/Kicked a Building Lately?/Quadrangle
RUFUS E. MILES, Jr./Awakening from the American Dream: The Social and Political Limits to Growth/Universe Books

FICTION

RAYMOND CARVER/Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?/McGraw-Hill
McDONALD HARRIS/The Balloonist/Farrar, Straus & Giroux
URSULA K. Le GUIN/Orsinian Tales/Harper & Row
CYNTHIA PROPPER SETON/A Fine Romance/Norton

TRANSLATION

ROBERT FAGLES/Aeschylus' The Oresteia/Viking
GREGORY RABASSA/The Autumn of the Patriarch by Gabriel Garcia Marquez/Harper & Row
CHARLES S. SINGLETON/Dante's The Divine Comedy: Paradiso, Vol. 1 and 2/Princeton
HELEN WEAVER/Antonin R. Artaud: Selected Writings/Farrar, Straus & Giroux

BIOGRAPHY & AUTOBIOGRAPHY

PETER COLLIER and DAVID HOROWITZ/The Rockefellers: An American Dynasty/Holt, Rinehart & Winston
ANAIS NIN/Diary of Anais Nin: Volume 6, 1955-1966/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
B. L. REID/The Lives of Roger Casement/Yale University Press
E. B. WHITE/Letters of E. B. White/Harper & Row

POETRY

IRVING FELDMAN/Leaping Clear and Other Poems/Viking
MARGARET NEWLIN/The Snow Falls Upward: Collected Poems/Ardis
MURIEL RUKEYSER/The Gates: Poems/McGraw-Hill
DAVID WAGONER/Collected Poems: 1956-1976/ Indiana University Press

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

MILTON MELTZER/Never to Forget: The Jews of the Holocaust/Harper & Row
JOHN NEY/Ox Under Pressure/Lippincott
MILDRED D. TAYLOR/Roll of Thunder: Hear My Cry/Dial
BARBARA WERSBA/Tunes for a Small Harmonica/ Harper & Row

HISTORY

LAWRENCE GOODWYN/Democratic Promise: The Populist Movement in America/Oxford University Press
LINDA GORDON/Woman's Body, Woman's Right: A Social History of Birth Control in America/ Grossman/Viking
RICHARD KLUGER/Simple Justice: The History of Brown vs. Board of Education and Black America's Struggle for Equality/Knopf
JOSHUA C. TAYLOR/America as Art/Smithsonian Institute Press

THE 28th ANNUAL NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

What Did Nixon Say to Chou?

On The Right

New York, April 24—I wrote last week that the discovery by the Carter Administration of a secret memorandum of a conversation between President Nixon and Premier Chou En-lai in 1972 revealed that Nixon promised in his second term to "normalize" relations with China, and that this meant abandoning Taiwan. My commentary was based on a front-page story in the *New York Times*.

Mr. Henry Kissinger has advised me that the story is substantially misleading and my comments therefore unjust.

The crux of the question is: what does "normalize" mean? The Carter Administration and indeed most commentators appear to agree that it means the severance of United States diplomatic and military relations with Taiwan. Were this to happen, the Mainland Chinese would be free to mount a military campaign against Taiwan to force unification.

Another view of "normalization"—and this was the view, Mr. Kissinger insists, of the Nixon Administration—accepts the withdrawal of diplomatic recognition of Taiwan but only if Mainland China pledges to limit itself to peaceful means of attempting reunification. "We never once went beyond the language of the Shanghai Communiqué," he advised me. The memorandum concerning Nixon's initiatives during the second term meant merely that not until 1973 would it be possible to move toward normalization.

Now here is the relevant language from the Shanghai Communiqué. That document was in two parts: the first a statement by the United States, the second a statement by the Chinese. Our own statement asserted that there is "but one China, and that Taiwan is a part of China." But it went on to say, "[the U.S.] reaffirms its interest in a peaceful settlement of the Taiwan question by the Chinese themselves." The operative word here is "peaceful." "With this prospect in mind, it affirms the ultimate objective of the withdrawal of all U.S. forces and military installations from Taiwan. In the meantime it will progressively reduce its forces and military installations on Taiwan as the tension in the area diminishes." Presumably—by the Kissinger analysis—if tension did not diminish, there is no requirement that the United States desert its military installations or rescind its defense treaty. Tension would hardly diminish if China was preparing an amphibious operation.

The Chinese took a different position in Shanghai, succinctly stated in a single sentence: "The liberation of Taiwan is China's internal affair."

After the re-election of Mr. Nixon, at a meeting with a Chinese official, the Secretary of State asked for a commitment to peaceful means of attempting to effect the union. The Chinese declined to make such a representation, whereupon the United States froze its present position. Normalization was for that reason—not on account of Watergate—put in abeyance. And the memorandum allegedly unearthed by the Carter Administration for the first time last week was actually reviewed as early as last February by Secretary Vance.

HERE, THEN, is the question as it crystallizes. If the Nixon Administration viewed a commitment to peaceful overtures to Taiwan by the Mainland Chinese as a precondition to normalization, is the Carter Administration willing to stand by that precondition? Or is the Carter Administration preparing now to go beyond what Nixon promised—by adopting in effect the Chinese position in the matter? If the Carter Administration is preparing to do this, is it trying to set up public opinion by advertising, incorrectly, that it is going no further than Nixon himself was secretly prepared to go? But surely that is to run a great risk. Because physically present at the crucial meeting with Chou En-lai were: Nixon and Kissinger, both of whom are very much alive. And there is the secret memorandum, which Carter could be asked to produce. Perhaps the Senate Foreign Relations Committee has already seen it. Certainly the question is one that ought to be resolved; and, for once, we have a question that should be easy to resolve. The memorandum should be published, and a national debate should then proceed. I am inclined to believe Mr. Kissinger's version not only because he is a friend, but because in 1968 it was he who told me that impending plans by Defense Secretary Clark Clifford to ditch the Thieu government would "signal to the world that to be an enemy of the United States may be dangerous, but to be a friend of the United States is fatal." The man who framed that thought would presumably not be a willing party to the betrayal of Taiwan. □

THE CARTER PLAN

New York, April 30—What's right with President Carter's energy plan?

It resists, for the most part, the temptations of economic interventionists to fix prices below the level they would rise to under the free play of economic pressure. It resists rationing, or outright proscription (for instance, of the big car). Anybody who wants to can still buy a big car and drive it around the block all day and all night, if that is his pleasure and he can afford to indulge it.

What's wrong with President's Carter's energy plan?

Two things. 1) It appears to accept as the price of oil the administered price of the OPEC exporters. It seems only yesterday that the whole of the industrialized world was united in resentment over the quadrupling of the price of oil by the OPEC powers. During those heated days drastic acts of retaliation were openly discussed, including at one point the possibility of

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military action. That no formula for breaking down the cartel was hit upon hardly argues for the abandoning of the search for such a formula. After all, during the same period we had no energy policy. Now that we are formulating an energy policy, ought it not to be conjoined with a policy directed at the cartel that is maintaining its prices at synthetically high levels?

Surely we need direct action against $14 oil, and the best way to get it is to lay down discriminatory tariffs against the OPEC powers, taxing the imported barrel according as the producing nation is profiteering from the captive markets. Saudi Arabia, which spends 18 cents bringing up a barrel of oil, would be taxed more heavily than, say, Venezuela, which spends a couple of dollars. If a $10 import tax were put on Saudi oil, and an $8 tax on Venezuelan oil, the pressure on the Saudis to reduce their prices (thus fracturing the cartel) would be considerable. As it stands, all Mr. Carter's references to permitting the price of U.S. oil to rise gradually to the "market" price are misleading, inasmuch as there is no market price these days. The price is the cartel price.

And, of course, 2) there is all that dashing about with sacks of dollars by government messengers looking for insulators, small-car buyers, poor people, which messengers will surely lose their sense of direction before they are through.

THE HIGHER take from fuel should go straight to the producers. That much of it as is "windfall" should be exempt from taxation—so long as it is invested in exploration, development, or the search for substitute fuel sources. If the oil companies succeed, then the benefits will accrue to all U.S. consumers. If they fail, then the windfall profits will realize nothing.

The notion that we should accept the responsibility for diminishing the burden of the poorer consumers by the use of proceeds which should be devoted to the search for new fuels is intellectually distracting. We don't remit to the poorer people a part of the taxes paid by richer people on cigarettes and whisky: rich and poor alike pay the same taxes on these commodities. So should it be with oil. So was it with food when, three summers ago, the price of grain and of meat rose so steeply.

Our concern for the poor should be a concern for their standard of living, and there are sound reasons to argue for direct subsidies for that standard of living. But there is no argument, except one that serves to complicate the responsibility of the well-off for the less well-off, for impounding tax revenues from the sale of a particular product and using them as the source of redistributionism. Help for the poor should come from general reserves, not from surpluses created by a tax designed to reduce demand and increase supply. One suspects that President Carter is playing politics here. Let him do so, but let others refuse to play. We're engaged not only in fighting a fuel shortage, but in establishing important precedents. □

THE SURVIVAL OF NEW YORK CITY

New York, April 28 —There is a lot of grateful talk about the "survival" of New York City, and of course it *has* survived, though as much can be said about Hiroshima. The stirrings in the race for mayor of New York tell more about what has actually happened in the past four years. It comes down to the satellization of New York City—by Albany first and, beyond, by the Federal Government.

The external signs are the intervention by a Democratic governor from Brooklyn calculated to replace an incumbent Democratic mayor from Brooklyn. This is more than merely a breach of political etiquette. It is point-blank fratricide. In other days, it would almost predictably have ended the career not of Abe Beame, but of Hugh Carey. It is too early to say conclusively that it will be the other way around. But already one can deduce that the measure signifies an altered relationship between the city and the capital. Not only does the mayor need to be a member of the same political party as the governor, he needs to be, in effect, a member of the governor's staff. Lieutenant Governor for New York City, so to speak. As in Venezuela, where the president routinely appoints the "governor" (as they call it) of Caracas.

The prostration of New York in 1975 did to the city what some brave souls in and out of the Senate predicted. It took from New York the autonomy that, over many generations, had made the mayoralty an intrinsically important political position—as they used to put it, the third highest executive position in the land, after the President, and the governor of New York State. But the excesses of New York—leading to its impoverishment, the exodus of business and of professionals, the repudiation of its bonds—forged shackles on the mayor. Congress is disposed to help New York, but not to chuckle along as it continues to live the life of Riley. Accordingly, the logical bargaining unit steps forward. And he is the governor of the whole state, rather than the mayor of the city.

Hugh Carey is disposed to be fatalistic about this and about other circumstances that have removed even his own capacity to write policy. In recent weeks, Hugh Carey, object of liberal enthusiasm in the most liberal state in the union, has for all the world sounded like J. Bracken Lee. He launched his austerity budget by saying something so straightforward it might have come from the mouth of Ronald Reagan. What he said to the welfare class in New York State was this: You get paid out of surplus accumulated by the economic activity in the state. If no surplus is generated, how will it be possible to pay you anything?

IT WAS THEN that he proposed such unheard-of reforms as relief for overtaxed business, to attempt to stop the flight of capital into Connecticut and New Jersey. When, the other day, he granted state workers a raise of 14 per cent over the next two years, which is probably less than the workers will suffer from inflation, he cited his ability to do so as arising from one simple factor: a reduced interest rate in state obligations. The day seems historically remote when the budget of the state of New York crystallized in the philanthropic mind of Nelson Rockefeller, who merely signed the chit and sent it along to the New York taxpayer.

The mayor of New York nevertheless will continue to occupy a conspicuous position as something of a teacher. He will soon be addressing all the municipal gatherings, the conventions that come to town, the kings and queens, the zoo-keepers. It is a nice opening for someone who has something to say that restores the hope of New Yorkers one day to recapture control of their own city. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Appropriate local meeting place for National Socialists — 42 57 136 184 158 145 14

B. A county in Idaho — 53 139 108 24 39 134

C. Having a certain type of window facing the street — 167 178 40 17 3 121 97 70

D. Call this vehicle if you have ptomaine poisoning or poisoning of the main toe — 185 41 163 147 141 153 95 4

E. Where flies walk (they think we're crazy because we walk on the floor!) — 88 25 18 174 186 150 183

F. A pin used on a boat — 109 77 179 90 44

G. What poor Japanese have a desire to get — 138 12 180

H. A form of gastronomical gorging — 155 122 2 84 188 32 56 7 36 107 176

I. To hold possession of — 152 28 79 54 127 60

J. U. S. senator from North Dakota, 1925-1945 — 161 85 78

K. A potent Scandinavian drink — 172 142 50 61 105 20 5

L. A relaxation of strained relations (I wonder) — 9 149 46 123 187 162 175

M. Can you keep up with the Joneses if they have this kind of boat? — 58 68 10 47

N. Elbert Hubbard's shop — 62 6 159 130 146 96 26 82

O. A Norwegian breed of dogs — 8 38 43 52 63 71 81 93

P. A footloose person won't find this in a forest — 87 110 98 48 29 154 148 80

Q. What Truman seized unconstitutionally — 102 30 51 69 181

R. Without musical accompaniment — 113 171 89 124 34 111 103 137 156

S. A horse's canine — 119 64 120 31

T. Equivocation — 170 117 131 75 112 91 106

U. Town in Hockley County, Texas — 27 19 33 74 65

V. An eminent composer — 99 118 35 168 21 132 140

W. What 82° 00′ might be called — 143 49 160 55 86 66 169 59 73 177 129 133 13 45 100 104 11

X. This is used for table and shelf coverings — 164 182 173 114 128 166 67 151

Y. To refuse to acknowledge — 72 22 165 92 101 76

Z. Furniture item used for eating — 157 15 135 94 23 115 125

a. Alfred E. Smith's autobiography — 83 37 116 126 16 144 1

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 570 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

		1 a	2 H	3 C	4 D		5 K	6 N		7 H	8 O		9 L	10 M	11 W	12 G	
13 W	14 A		15 Z	16 a	17 C	18 E	19 U	20 K	21 V	22 Y		23 Z	24 B	25 E		26 N	27 U
28 I	29 P		30 Q	31 S	32 H	33 U		34 R	35 V	36 H	37 a	38 O	39 B		40 C	41 D	42 A
43 O	44 F	45 W		46 L	47 M	48 P	49 W	50 K	51 Q		52 O	53 B	54 I	55 W	56 H		57 A
	58 M	59 W	60 I		61 K	62 N	63 O	64 S	65 U	66 W		67 X	68 M	69 Q		70 C	71 O
72 Y	73 W		74 U	75 T		76 Y	77 F	78 J		79 I	80 P	81 O	82 N	83 a	84 H	85 J	
86 W	87 P		88 E	89 R	90 F	91 T	92 Y	93 O		94 Z	95 D	96 N	97 C	98 P	99 V	100W	101Y
	102Q	103R	104W	105K	106T	107H	108B		109F	110P	111R		112T	113R	114X	115Z	
116a	117T	118V	119S		120S	121C	122H	123L		124R	125Z	126a	127I	128X	129W		130N
131T	132V	133W	134B	135Z	136A	137R	138G		139B	140V	141D	142K		143W	144a	145A	146N
147D	148P	149L	150E		151X	152I	153D	154P	155H		156R		157Z	158A	159N		160W
161J		162L	163D	164X		165Y	166X	167C	168V		169W	170T		171R	172K	173X	174E
175L	176H		177W	178C	179F	180G	181Q	182X	183E	184A	185D	186E	187L	188H			

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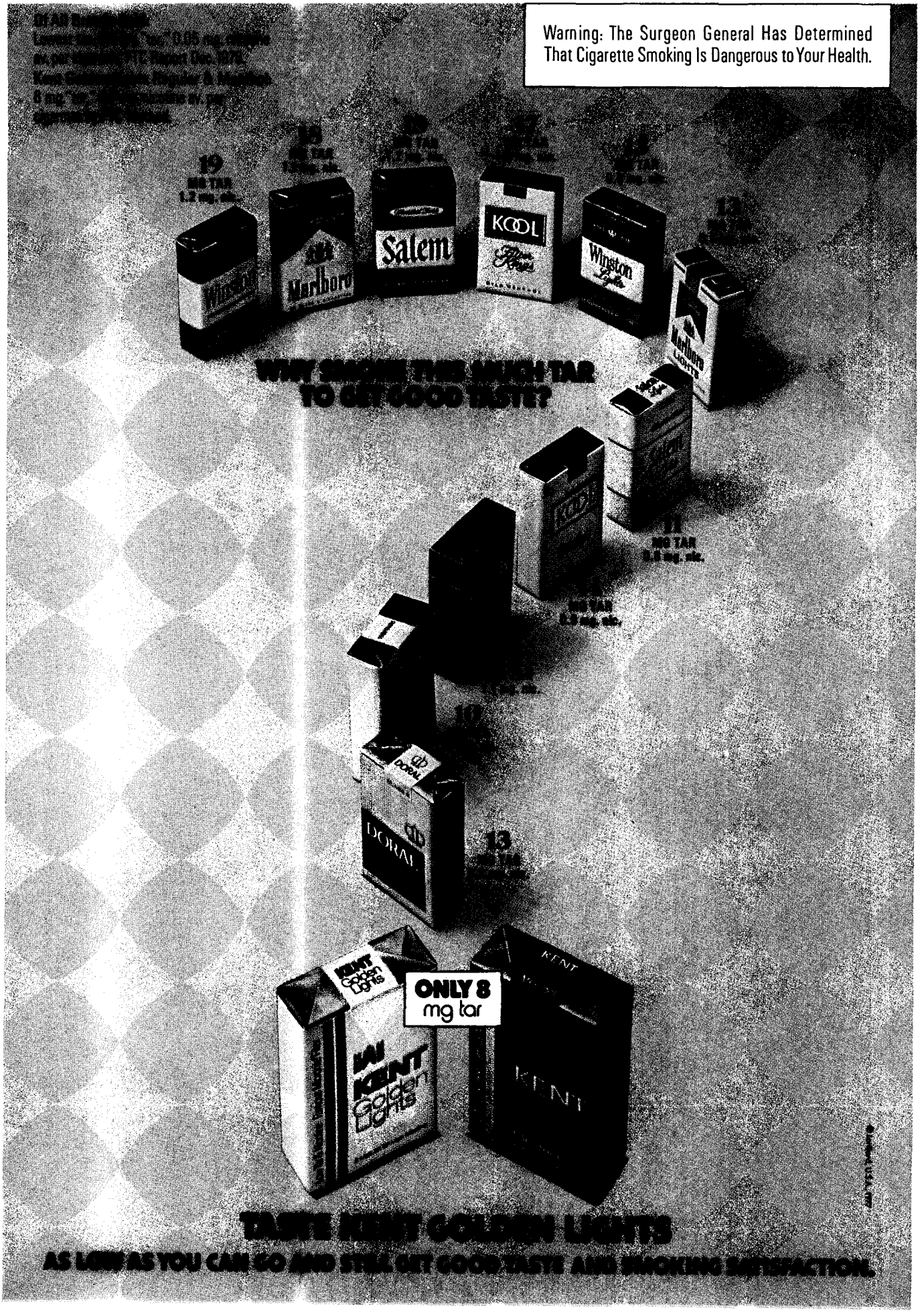
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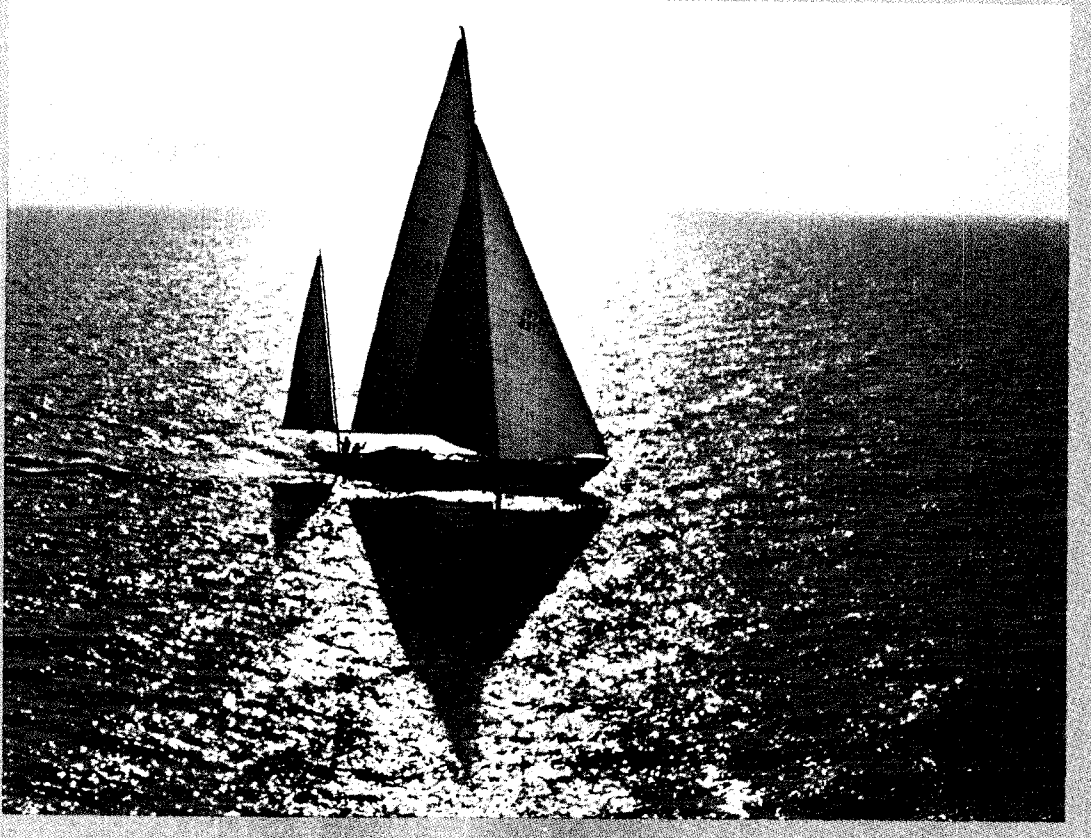
What more could you ask for?"

"*Old Grand-Dad.*"



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